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ORIGINAL TALES.

TALES FROM CROSSBASKET.

THE NAMELESS STORY.

(Continued.)

Richard Montrose was pacing with hurried and irregular step the drawing-room: his pursed brow, his compressed lip, clenched hands, and eye, lit up with such a revengeful glance, it seemed that, had he had the power, he would have blasted creation. He had heard too much. Caroline guessed aright, it was his tread she overheard among the bushes. Old Montrose sat at the hearth, gazing upon a picture, entitled "Satiated Revenge," with such a demoniac expression, that spoke a dreadful deed was in embryo. These two monsters had hearts capable of the darkest daring. It was to this room, that after their morning walk, Caroline approached a few steps in advance of Edward; the moment her eye caught Richard's, when she marked the malignant and revengeful look he darted on her, she stood fixed to the spot, as if spell-bound, pale as alabaster—Edward now advanced, gently took her hand, and entered the room. Old Montrose turned his face from the gaze of innocence, while Richard, even more injured to guilt than his father, and whom nothing could abash, threw into his features such a hypocritical smile, and such a welcome into his gestures, that the change was so instantaneous, it seemed like the sun bursting the thralls of chaos. This had no effect upon Caroline's fears, who, after a few minutes of unavailing efforts to recover her wonted composure, retired.

Edward was now left alone with old Montrose and his son. The conversation which he had had during his walk with Caroline, on the subject of her protectors, had roused up his energies, and guessing the cause of his fair love's sudden departure, determined him to open the subject of his engagement instantly. However, before he had time to speak, Richard said:

"Mr. Hardenville, you must have had a tedious walk with my fair cousin, for she seems so fatigued and agitated with her exertion, that she has retired without paying us the usual courtesy."

"Sir," replied Edward with some asperity, "our walk was neither long nor tedious, and, if I judge rightly, another cause induced Miss Montrose to retire so abruptly."

"Indeed," said Richard, with an affection of surprise, "since you can judge so well what was not the cause, perhaps you can explain the true reason."

"I should prefer, that Mr. Richard Montrose look in his own breast for it."

At this moment, Richard caught the eye of his father, and instantly checked the reply, which his mouth was already open to make; but the deep crimson which coloured his cheek, showed to Edward's penetrating gaze, the passion which was swelling within. Nothing intimidated, Edward composedly turned to Mr. Montrose, and said, "Sir, may I claim a few moments of your leisure, on a subject of some import to you, and of vital consequence to me?"

"I am at your service always."

Edward bowed in acknowledgement, but Richard, whose presence was disagreeable, being still in the room, Edward cast his eyes upon him, then on the father, in token that he wished a private conversation. Old Montrose saw this, and immediately said, "Mr. Hardenville, do not delay, my son and I are as one; pray proceed."

"Do not let my presence," added Richard, "make your tongue curtail your heart's confession. If it be any thing that concerns me, I must know it sooner or later; nay, Sir, perhaps I know it already: if it be of no import, it will pass unheeded. I never spend my time in unprofitable discourse."

After a short pause, and a few efforts to brace his courage up, Edward proceeded: "I presume, Mr. Montrose, you must have observed, that a more serious, and dearer motive, than politeness or even friendship, has made me a frequent visitor in your family. The kind reception that I have at all times met from you, and the smiles of your angelic niece, induced me to hope, that I might one day call her mine."

"I trust, Sir, she has not refused you," said the old hypocrite, in an affected tone of surprise.

"Indeed she has not, Sir; but this morning made me the happiest of men, by turning a kind and indulgent ear to my suit: with your permission, which my present object is to solicit, we will be shortly one."

Richard and his father interchanged glances full of the darkest import, and the eyes of the old man, glared even with greater passion than before; then turning to Edward, with a bitter and sarcastic tone, said: "You do me more honour, than ever my niece has deigned: but notwith-

standing your polite request for my approbation, I consider any thing I might say on the subject quite superfluous. Miss Montrose, Sir, (and I am sorry to say it) from the first day she was placed under my care to this hour, has been entirely her own mistress, and if in any thing she ever obeyed me, it was not because it was my command, but her sovereign pleasure."

"I am sorry, Sir," then muttered aside indistinctly, "the infamous calumniator."—"Sir, the neighbouring gentry say nothing of this, and the world reports differently."

"Mr. Hardenville, our neighbours have enough to do within their own doors, to observe correctly what is going on in my house; and the world is a credulous fool, that, like the cry among a discontented mob, be it right or wrong, so does he shout."

"Sir, may I be permitted to say, that this is foreign to the point."

"Foreign or not foreign, that is God's truth."

"May I pray your concurrence?"

"Concurrence or not, the head-strong jade will have her own way. If I approve not of the match, she would do as she wills—then wherefore should I say that idle, insignificant, yes; for say I yes or no, it will be yes with her."

"Sir, I did not think to find you in this mood."

"The girl would rouse a saint to rage. Let me tell you, Sir, I proposed years ago, and since have daily urged, a match that would have done her honour, exalted her to a height, that let her marry any else, she never can attain. The gentleman was an honour to our nation, and an ornament to the country; he was the fair blossom of my hope, but him she scornfully spurned. He was—but no matter, I will not name him—for that,—no,—yes, for that"—he paused, and checked the threat that was upon his lips; his eyes glanced like wild fire, and fury was marked on every line of his face; he paced the floor for a few moments with hurried strides, then darted out of the room.

Edward saw from this too plainly the miserable life that Caroline must have led, even in her own rightful domain: the most exaggerated report of her situation which before he thought exceeded the bounds of probability, he now firmly believed. He turned to Richard, who sat almost stung to death with chagrin, that his father's nature should have been at this crisis so weak, as to overstep his usual prudence, and the advice which he had so often and

strongly indicated. He was seemingly in a musing posture, but the eye that never was out of its guard, watched Edward attentively; and when Richard saw that he had turned to him, threw into his features with the most consummate art, the semblance of unfeigned sorrow, that skillful as Edward was, he believed at the time, were the true feelings of the heart.

"Mr. Hardenville," said Richard, in a melancholy tone, "I pray you will overlook my father's failings: he is an old man, and I am sure a gentleman of your observation, knows how to excuse the frailties of age."

"I must say, Mr. Montrose, that I did not anticipate such a reception."

"Allow me a word in extenuation: I cannot sufficiently express my own regret, that my father's temper should have vented itself so unbecomingly; in youth he was always accounted fiery and precipitate, but the next hour ready to die for the man he had offended. When people come to his age, prudence often slumbers, and the failings (I cannot call them faults) of the heart show themselves often and loud, on the most simple occasions. Take my word for it, I know my father well; he will deeply repent of his passion, and make honourable amends in the morning."

"Sir, I shall report nothing of it, till I see him again; I fervently hope, however, he spoke not by premeditation, but on the spur of the moment."

"I can assure you, my good cousin, for so you shall shortly be," as he said this, with feigned affection, he took Edward by the hand, and wished him a thousand years of happiness, and then expatiated in rapturous terms of the many inestimable qualities of Miss Montrose, and added, "I speak from experience of her amiable temper, her excellent mind, and her numerous attainments; be assured, Mr. Hardenville, my father dotes upon her, and never in a composed moment, indulged a thought in the least unkind; on the contrary, he comments in the most exalted strain on her many qualifications:—you yourself have heard him extol her to the skies."

"I have, repeatedly."

"The secret of the present tirade, is shortly this. There is an old, ugly, and disagreeable haggard of a witch, a cotter on our estate, who attacked him in his ride this morning, for some trifle or other, in a manner which I need not repeat. She is such an unseemly sample of the sex, that his temper being roused by her, he (as you know it is the nature of most men,) cursed the whole female race, and in that mood was he, when you entered."

"I observed a frown upon his brow."

"'Twas that, nothing else, believe me. Now I trust you are satisfied."

"If what I experience in the morning tally with this, I shall think no more on't."

"Take my word for't Caroline is yours, and with his warm approval."

"My family, certainly can be no objection."

"On the contrary Sir; you stand in all respects to say the very least, equal to ours."

Thus, did Richard's art, lull to sleep Edward's better observation; and as he internally desired to be on friendly terms with the whole family, he was the more easily persuaded.

But it is strange that men and often the closest observers of nature, can be deceived by a smooth tongue and a plausible manner. That Edward should have credited Richard's artful invention, and been in a measure reconciled to him, even although he had been warned by his friend, and his lovely Caroline, added to his own antipathy, shows how insinuating that arch-fiend could make himself, and how weak is human nature. A kind word and a soft tone have magic in them, and often achieve more than the sword.

That which men really wish, the simplest circumstance, or the most unconnected tale, gives them confirmation; in such cases, prudence seldom scans the subject. Richard saw the victory he had achieved and inwardly exulted at it. He had often marked Edward's frequent visits, and the many private interviews he had with Caroline, and as she seemed nothing loth, but delighted in his society, it roused the strongest suspicions of a mutual attachment, not however, convinced, or well knowing if there was, not without hopes, but, he could prevent their marriage, and force Caroline to his own designs, and as he had other schemes of the darkest dye in the calendar, and more urgent so occupied his time, he allowed this to pass unheeded; but now, when the truth of their union, and so near at hand, flashed upon his mind, his soul was roused to revenge; but the cunning of his nature wore the open face, and kind tone, which had so completely deceived Edward.

"Will my cousin Edward, that is to be," said he, "do me the pleasure to be my guest to-morrow! I shall provide a dinner worthy of so good a friend, and my father's manner, will add a welcome and relish to the whole."

"I feel the honour of your invitation, but being already the guest of Mr. Aldenton, I know not if in courtesy, I can accept, however my own inclination might lead."

"Nay, nay, I will not be refused; your friend will surely in such a case, and at such a time, leave you to your own decision: I will not be denied."

"With his permission, I will be honoured as your guest.—Good and unexpected event, I see his equipage coming up the avenue."

"Indeed," said Richard, in a tone of mortification.

"He will be here in a moment; I shall answer you then."

Mr. Aldenton and Caroline now entered the parlour. Richard looked black as a thunder cloud, bit his lip, and advanced to the window; fear and disappointment were expressed in every gesture, from what cause, was best known to his own heart.

"Miss Montrose," said Mr. Aldenton, as they entered, "The gentlemen seem closeted on cabinet business, which we have interrupted, pray let us retire."

"Stay, stay," said Edward, "this unexpected visit, and at a time so opportune, gives me more joy than I can express."

"Ned, you know I always come at the nick of time."

"Mr. Montrose has this moment given me an invitation to be his guest at dinner to-morrow, which, without your approbation, I could not accept."

"My dear friend, your politeness does me too much honour; in whatsoever you find pleasure, certainly do."

"Mr. Montrose," said Edward, "I cheerfully accept your invitation."

"Sir, it will be my poor endeavour to receive so good a friend, of my fair cousin, especially, with becoming entertainment."

Caroline, at this instant caught the dark piercing eye of her hated relation; bold and wicked as he was, he could not withstand the gaze of her innocent scrutiny—his eyes instantly fell; this was so unbidden with him, that the affection for her betrothed, created wilder fears, than she cared to show, or even could express; and Mr. Aldenton not being invited, confirmed her worst suspicions. In a moment, however, she recovered her composure, and with all the ingenuity of her sex, turned to Mr. Aldenton, and addressed him:—

"As Mr. Hardenville will be my cousin Richard's guest to-morrow, will you honour me, by being mine."

"Aye, Miss Carry, and note the day in my calendar, as the fairest invitation I have ever received; but *you* must entertain *me* well, I shall frankly claim the attention of your guest."

A frown spread on Richard's face, and sarcastically addressing Caroline, he said:

"I find my cousin has prevented me the pleasure of adding another to the number of my guests; but as she knows so well how to play the hostess, and, as I presume intends not to serve a separate table, it will add immeasurably to the festivity of the occasion. Pray ye, excuse me, I have an appointment at this hour, which demands my attention. Good morning!"—and immediately he left the apartment.

"Thank heavens he is gone!" sighed Caroline.

"Wherefore?" asked Edward.

"You such a physiognomist," said Egbert, "and ask that question! a child might have seen by his expression that he has some wicked deed in view."

"I saw in his face," said Caroline, "a more dreadful look, than I ever beheld be-

fore. I told you of him; he has a fair tongue, and I believe might even deceive a saint. I gave you hints as broad as a female dared; I am sure he meditates you no good—so, I advise ye, beware."

"Did I not tell you to beware of him, before you ever saw his face?"

"So you did."

"I will bet," said Egbert, "my bays against your sorrels, that even such a judge of character as you pretend to be, might be deceived by him."

"As I am sure he has some foul plan in view, by his invitation, to conduce to your safety, I was bold enough to ask Egbert to be my guest; but if I might advise I would recommend that both refuse. Should you return in the darkness of night, I know not what may befall."

"I have said I will come, and I shall come," said Edward firmly, "If I show fear, at this crisis, I will be harrassed all my life afterwards. Guilt cannot stand the gaze of innocence. If bold at the outset, his machinations will soon cease; but I cannot believe he meditates aught against me."

"You do not know him," said Caroline, "else you would not judge so lightly."

"If he has deceived me to day, I shall know him to-morrow, my fair bride."

"What!" said Egbert in surprise, "what is all this: why Carry, you are frightened to death, for the safety of this ardent fellow, and he calls you nothing less than '*fair bride*.' O, thou woman-hater, thou double Benedict, what is the meaning of all this?"

"I can explain all."

"Why Sir, you make Carry blush: thou arrant knave, if thou hast committed grand larceny on her heart, thou shalt be transported."

"I am transported—she is mine: art thou not Caroline?" She could not speak in answer to this question, but turned her eyes on the ground, and blushed deeply.

"Mr. Physiognomist," said Egbert, mimicking his friend, "an aquiline nose, I cannot bear, and arched eyebrows, are my antipathy."

"These, Sir, I now consider the highest pitch of feminine beauty."

"O! you have played me double: I told you, Sir, how it would be—but away with irony; I will not jibe farther on the subject, I must say, however, Ned, that, had you searched all Kentshire, you could not have found a better, nor made a choice more congenial to my feelings. I wish you worlds of joy. Come Carry, no more bashfulness; when you know Edward as well I do, you will confess there is not his match in merry England."

"Egbert, I must say, I knew not till this very morning, how firmly she was entwined around my heart; she is its better part, and never can be sundered."

"Well, well, say no more on't: I see this is a trying interview for Carry; for

there she stands mute, and beautiful as Pygmalion's bride, ere Jupiter heard his prayers, and gave the marble life. Let us go, Ned, it is time we were home."

"Good morning, my sweet love," said Edward.

"Good morning, Carry," said Egbert.

"Good morning, gentlemen," echoed Caroline.

The two friends departed for Aldenton-house, and Miss Montrose retired to her apartment.

Richard, who had taken his leave on the plea of an engagement, instantly sought his father's chamber.

"Richard," said the father in a surly tone, as his son entered, "where is the boy? fool that I was to let my temper so overmaster me."

"Let not that disturb you: I have touched him well."

"Indeed! my brave son."

"I made a notable excuse, which has cajoled the silly cotqueen."

"Then have I peace again; yet, I was sure you would patch up the awkward breach. But how?"

Richard then explained the artful manner he accounted for his father's sudden burst of temper; told with what credence Edward listened to the tale, and the good understanding in which they parted. To bear him out in the deception, he strongly urged the necessity of his father receiving Edward the next day, on the most friendly terms, and not to withhold his sanction to the marriage; with which old Montrose promised implicit accordance. Then Richard exultingly added: "he dines with me to-morrow, but by an unlucky chance, Caroline invited his friend, Aldenton, to be of the party, who that moment arrived. However, both fare the worst for it. To night, I shall see these men I spoke of, who have nerve for any thing, and as I nod will act, so that they are well paid."

"What is it you intend?"

"That this sighing, foolish Hardenville, and his officious friend, be well cared for. As they return home in the darkness of night, my minions shall attack them, and give them the oblivious ocean, or a stagnant pool for a bed, till doomsday trumpet sounds. They die; yes they shall both die."

"Richard, no more on't.—leave the matter to my management; I have thought of much better. I shall season the repast with the best grace I can, and Hardenville shall have, in words, approval to wed my niece, and a safe journey home in the evening,—but no more. Caroline shall be provided for, and he may go mad, if it please his humour."

"What would you propose?"

"Young blood is precipitate—the marriage, with my permission will be fixed on an early day; till then, we can mask our purpose with smiling faces and welcome tones."

"What then, Sir; I do not comprehend

you. Am I to lose Caroline; is her wealth to pass into stranger hands, and all my ambitious schemes, which her gold will give me power to achieve, be forever frustrated?"

"By no means; else she shall be a caged virgin all her life. You she shall wed, or none."

"By what management?"

"The marriage eve will soon arrive: we must make it a glorious time. Let her maid be sent on some wild-goose errand; the butler that might cease his occupation, and our cellars thrown open to every menial in the house; ply all with liquor, from the steward to the meanest scullion, and if perchance there be one who drinks not enough, I have an opiate, a harmless, but friendly drug, which will do the business well for them: by midnight the senses of all will not be worth a fig's end,—the joyous occasion will be a good apology.—Then, Richard, let the three Frenchmen, your lately bribed slaves, be in the offing with their lugger; and see that your agent in Calais, be led to attend to such instructions as I shall send him."

"Well, Sir, what then?"

"Leave the rest to me, and question no more. But, Richard, methinks an opiate would do Caroline some service on the occasion; her bridal eve might else be a sleepless one,—we shall think on't."

"I trust to your discretion; I am convinced no portion of this business will lack your good management."

"Nothing shall be wanting; be it your occupation to see these things I spoke of well attended to. Say no more; let all come on silent but sure."

Next day Edward and his friend, mounted upon their fleet coursers, well armed, to serve in case of need, and attended by two trusty footmen, set out for Montrose-house. Edward's heart beat quick; he had many doubts and fears of the reception he might meet. He thought of old Montrose's conduct on the preceeding day, Richard's exculpation, his conversation with Egbert and Caroline, to all was added, his own original dislike both to father and son, when introduced into the family.—Then again, he imagined, that Richard especially, was not such a character, as his friends reported, or his face bespoke; else, his conduct could not have been so friendly as he had at all times found it.—He spoke not a word to Egbert on the fears which agitated his bosom, for he knew well, the answer he would receive; if deceived how he would be jibed! his pride could not brook the thought. O pride, how it rules poor human nature!—Therefore, he resolved that by the event of this day, he would form his final judgment. In this mood they arrived at the mansion.

Old Montrose met both in the most friendly manner, his attentions to Edward were particularly marked, and he sought

an opportunity, to apologize for his unseemly conduct on the previous day, and confirm what Richard had said. The time past with the greatest harmony and cordiality on all sides. Egbert seemed to forget the estimation in which he held the Montroses, and was all frankness.

After dinner, when the wine had circulated freely, and the rest of the party were engaged in debate. Edward stole from the table, to enjoy awhile the society of his lovely Caroline, who had according to custom, retired sometime previously.

They held some sweet converse, and the time sped rapidly by. O, what a joyous hour is that, when two hearts linked with the strongest chain of love, meet to fix the bridal day! What rapture is in the moments! How weak is language in the cause of love, when sighs and looks, must be the hearts interpreter!

The lovers fixed that day week, for the happy one, which was to link them eternally together. Edward soon returned to the table, and communicated what had just passed, and told the day that his happiness was to be complete. It was received with much seeming satisfaction, and such feigned pleasure was depicted both in the face of old and young Montrose, that Edward and his friend imagined, there could not possibly be any secret objection to the match, and that Richard, finding he could not win the love of Caroline, had concluded to show joy on the occasion to conceal the disappointment at his heart. "How often does the face smile, and the tone sound kindly, to conceal mortified vanity!" thought Edward.—At a late hour the party broke up. While Egbert and his guest were passing some complimentary farewells, Edward sought an opportunity to bid his Caroline adieu.

"Well my love, I must bid you good night."

"Good night, Edward," she replied, "but O! be wary on the way."

"Fear nothing, my love, the kind reception that I have experienced at the hands of your relations this day, has made me change my former impression of their characters, and doubt my own judgment."

"Since yesterday," said Caroline, "I have received more attention and kinder looks than I ever experienced before. I do not understand this; but I fear that after such a calm, will come a terrible storm."

"Fear nothing, sweet Caroline."

"Be watchful on your journey home; and pray, when you do arrive, despatch a messenger hither, on some feigned errand, for I shall be in agony, till I hear you are safe."

"I will my love. Good night," he gave her one fond embrace, and hurried from her presence.

He found Egbert on the portico, and the horses ready saddled, waiting his appearance. They were soon upon the road, and in pleasant discourse, of their kind re-

ception,—the great change in the Montroses, and reproaches against their own discernment, for having formed such unfavourable impressions, they arrived safely at Alderton-house, without having seen the slightest circumstance to excite suspicion even in the most timid breast. Edward according to his promise to Caroline, dispatched a servant to announce his safety.

The time now passed in the extensive preparation for the nuptials, nothing was omitted that money could purchase, to add splendour to the occasion. The tenants and dependants on Montrose estate, were all provided with new dresses, and a sumptuous entertainment was ordered for them. To Edward's own estate the same liberality was extended. The nobility and gentry of the country round were invited to the ceremony, and as it was agreed that Edward was to convey his bride together with all the guests, to his own mansion to dinner, an early hour in the morning was fixed for the solemnization.

The sun rose upon that day, in all the glory of summer's prime. Edward was early up, and as he gazed upon the beautiful sky, the blooming earth, and listened to the sweet notes of the woodland songsters, his bosom heaved with inexpressible joy. Every omen spoke of boundless felicity, every face showed unalloyed pleasure. His heart was light and buoyant, as the soaring lark's that floated in the sky, and sent his merry song to earth.

Edward now set out for Montrose-house, in company with his friend Egbert, and attended by numerous servants; as he entered the gate of the policy, a train of young maidens strewed flowers in his path, and the country-men unharnessed his horses, and drew the chariot to the house. Edward alighted and was received with every mark of attention and even affection. He was immediately ushered into a room splendidly decorated, where already a number of guests had arrived.

"How is my bride, this morning?" he enquired of Richard.

"Sir—Sir!" he exclaimed in an embarrassed tone.

"How is my bride?" he asked again.

"Well—I presume she is well; but, Sir—she has not yet made her appearance."

"She takes long to decorate herself, this morning," said Egbert.

"Doubtless, Sir," Richard replied, "she will appear in her best colours ere long; the most unostentatious maid at such a time, will be somewhat fastidious, and this probably detains her."

An hour passed, it was a long and anxious one to the groom, still Caroline did not appear; the guests were all in attendance; the priest was in waiting, and nothing now was wanting to complete the ceremony, but the bride.

"Where is her maid?" asked Edward in the greatest anxiety, for now strong and dreadful fears flashed across his mind.

"Sir, we have not seen her this morning," said old Montrose.

"Send to her chamber; yes, send for her immediately. We wait her appearance."

A domestic was instantly dispatched upon the message, and in a few moments returned with a downcast look, and in a melancholy tone, told that Miss Montrose was not in her apartment.

"Not in her apartment!" cried Edward in agony, "where, where can she be!"—and he stood petrified to the spot. The company interchanged dark and distrustful glances; Richard and his father, saw the feeling that pervaded all, and both looked guilty as Cain, when first he met Adam's gaze, after Abel's murder. Edward now aroused from his trance, wildly exclaimed, "Where is my bride!" and rushed from the room.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

From a late No. of the "Albion" we extract the following hit at the times, or rather, at the tendency of the times. It is an admirable article.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

It happened on the 31st of March, 1826, that the then Duke and Duchess of Bedford were sitting in their good but old house, No. 17, Liberty-place (the corner of Riego-street,) near to where old Hammersmith stood before the great improvements, and although it was past two o'clock, the breakfast equipage still remained upon the table.

It may be necessary to state that the illustrious family in question, having embraced the Roman Catholic faith (which at that period was the established religion of the country,) had been allowed to retain their titles and honourable distinctions, although Woburn Abbey had been long before restored to the Church, and was at the time of which we treat, occupied by a worshipful community of holy friars. The Duke's family estates in Old London had been of course divided by the Equitable Convention amongst the numerous persons whose distressed situation gave them the strongest claims, and his Grace and his family had been for a long time receiving the compensation annuity allotted to his ancestors.

"Where is Lady Elizabeth?" said his Grace to the Duchess.

"She is making the beds, Duke," replied her Grace.

"What, again to-day?" said his Grace. "Where are Stubbs, Hogsflesh, and Fig-gins, the females whom, were it not contrary to law, I should call the housemaids?"

"They are gone," said her Grace, "on a sketching tour with the mangle, Mr. Nicholson, and his nephew."

'Why are not these things removed?' said his Grace, eyeing the breakfast table, upon which (the piece of furniture being of oak without covering) stood a huge jar of honey, several saucers of beebroot, a large pot of half cold decoction of sassafrage, and an urn full of bean juice, the use of cotton, sugar, tea, and coffee, having been utterly abolished by law in the year 1888.

'I have rung several times,' said the Duchess, 'and sent Lady Maria up stairs into the assistant's drawing-room to get some of them to remove the things, but they have kept her, I believe, to sing to them; I know they are very fond of hearing her, and often do so.'

His Grace, whose appetite seemed renewed by the sight of the still lingering viands which graced the board, seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and sat down to commence an attack upon some potted seal and pickled fish from Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits, which some of their friends who had gone over there to pass the summer (as was the fashion of those times) in the East India steam ships (which always touched there) had given them; and having consumed a pretty fair portion of the remnants, his favourite daughter, Lady Maria, made her appearance.

'Well, Maria,' said his Grace, 'where have you been all this time?'

'Mr. Curry,' said her Ladyship, 'the young person who is good enough to look after our horses, had a dispute with the lady who assists Mr. Briggs in dressing the dinner for us, whether it was necessary at Chess to say check to the queen when the queen was in danger, or not. I was unable to decide the question, and I assure you I got so terribly laughed at, that I ran away as fast as I could.'

'Was Duggins in the assistant's drawing-room, my love?' said the Duke.

'No,' said Lady Maria.

'I wanted him to take a message for me,' said his Grace, in a sort of demi-soliloquy.

'I'm sure he cannot go then,' said Lady Maria, 'because I know he is gone to the House of Parliament (there was but one at that time,) for he told the other gentleman who cleans the plate, that he could not be back to attend at dinner, however consonant with his wishes, because he had promised to wait for the division.'

'Ah, sighed the Duke, 'this comes of his having been elected for Westminster.'

At this moment Lord John Russell made his appearance, extremely hot and evidently tired, having under his arm a largish parcel.

'What have you there, Johnny?' said her Grace.

'My new breeches,' said his Lordship; 'I have called upon the worthy citizen who made them, over and over again, and never could get them, for of course I could

not expect him to send them, and he is always either at the Academy or the Gymnasium—however, to day I caught him just as he was in a hot debate with a gentleman who was cleaning his windows, as to whether the solidity of a prism is equal to the product of its base by its altitude. I confess I was pleased to catch him at home—but unluckily the question was referred to me, and not comprehending it, I was deucedly glad to get off, which I did as fast as I could, both parties calling after me—'There's a Lord for you—look at my Lord'—and hooting me in a manner which, however constitutional, I cannot help thinking deucedly disagreeable.'

At this period, what in former times was called a footman, named Dowbiggin, made his appearance, who entered the room, as the Duke hoped, to remove the breakfast things—but it was, in fact, to ask Lady Maria to sketch a tree in a landscape, which he was in the course of painting.

'Dowbiggin, said his Grace in despair, 'I wish you would take away these breakfast things.'

'Indeed,' said Dowbiggin, looking at the Duke with the most ineffable contempt—'you do—that's capital—what right have you to ask me to do any such thing?'

'Why, Mr. Dowbiggin,' said the Duchess, 'who was a bit of a Tartar in her way—his Grace pays you, and feeds you, and clothes you to—'

'Well, Duchess,' said Dowbiggin, 'and what then—let his Grace show me his superiority. I am ready to do any thing for him—but please to recollect I asked him yesterday, when I *did* remove the coffee, to tell me what the Altaic Chain is called, when, after having united all the rivers which supply the Jenisei, it stretches as far as the Baikal Lake—and what did he answer—he made a French pun, and said '*Je ne sais pas, Dowbiggin*'—now if it can be shown by any statute that I, who am perfectly competent to answer any question I propose, am first to be put off with a quibble by way of reply, and secondly to be required to work for a man who does not know as much as I do myself, merely because he is a Duke, why I'll do it, but if not, I will resist in a constitutional manner such illiberal oppression, and such ridiculous controul, even though I am transported to Scotland for it.—Now, Lady Maria, go on with the tree.'

'John,' said the Duke to his son, when you have put away your small clothes, go and ask Mr. Martingale if he will be kind enough to let the horses be put to our carriage, since the Duchess and I wish to go to mass.'

'—You need not send to Martingale,' said Dowbiggin, 'he is gone to the Society of Arts to hear a Lecture on Astronomy.'

'Then, John, go and endeavour to harness the horses yourself,' said the Duke to his son, who instantly obeyed.

'You had better mind about those horses, Sir,' said Dowbiggin, still watching the progress of his tree: 'the two German philosophers and Father O'Flynn have been with them to-day, and there appears little doubt that the great system will spread, and that even these animals, which we have been taught to despise, will express their sentiments before long.'

'The sentiments of a coach-horse!' sighed the Duchess.

'Thanks, Lady Maria,' said Dowbiggin, 'now I'll go to work merrily; and, Duke, whenever you can fudge up an answer to my question about the Altaic chain, send one of the girls and I'll take away the things.'

Dowbiggin disappeared, and the Duke, who was anxious to get the parlour cleared (for the house, except two rooms, was all appropriated to the assistants,) resolved to enquire of his priest when he was out, what the proper answer would be to Dowbiggin's question, which he had tried to evade by the offensive quibble, when Lord John Russell re-appeared, as white as a sheet.

'My dear father,' cried his Lordship, 'it's all over now—the Philosophers have carried the thing too far; the ch. snut mare swears she'll be d—d if she goes out to-day.'

'What,' said the Duke, 'has their liberality gone to this—do horses talk? My dear John, you and I know that asses have written before this, but for horses to speak?'

'Perhaps, John,' said the Duchess, 'it is merely yea and nay, or probably only the female horses who talk at all.'

'Yes, mother, yes,' said her son, 'both of them spoke; and not only that, but NAP, the dog you were once so fond of, called after me to say that we had no right to keep him tied up in that dismal yard, and that he would appeal to Parliament if we did not let him out.'

'My dear Duchess,' said the Duke, who was even more alarmed at the spread of intelligence than her Grace—'there is but one thing for us to do—let us pack up all we can, and if we can get a few well-disposed post-horses, before they get too much enlightened, to take us towards the coast, let us be off.'

What happened farther, this historical fragment does not explain—but it is believed that the family escaped with their clothes and a few valuables, leaving their property in the possession of their assistants, who, by extending with a liberal anxiety (natural in men who have become learned and great by similar means themselves) the benefits of enlightenment, in turn gave way to the superior claims of inferior animals, and were themselves compelled eventually to relinquish happiness, power, and tranquillity, in favour of monkeys, horses, jack-asses, dogs, and all manner of beasts.

THE FAMILY PARTY.

Colonel Arden having come to town for the express purpose of reclaiming his nephew, who was involved in all the most riotous and expensive dissipation of London, dined the first day with his attorney in Gray's Inn Lane. The Colonel carried his niece, Miss Louisa Neville, along with him.

The meal was speedily finished, and the dessert put down, and Arden, who, as the reader may imagine, was most anxious to hear tidings of his misguided nephew, commenced a series of inquiries upon the interesting subject, when Mrs. Abberly interrupted the conversation by asking her husband "just to ring the bell."

This request having been complied with, a servant appeared, to whom his mistress whispered, "Tell Dawes to bring the children;" the man disappeared, and the lady, turning to Louisa, with one of those sweet smiles which ladies about to praise themselves are in the habit of putting on, said, "We are very old fashioned folks, Miss Neville. Mr. A. and myself make it a rule to have all the children round us every day after dinner—some people don't like it, but I hope and trust we shall never be so fashionable as *that* comes to."

Miss Neville was about to rejoin something very laudatory, touching infantile attraction and maternal affection, when a considerable uproar and squalling was heard in the hall, and the parlour door flying open, Dawes made her appearance, attended by seven fine healthy creatures, varying in their height from four feet two, to two feet four, and in their ages from ten to three years. Chairs were ranged round the table for the young fry, who were extremely orderly and well behaved for a short time, and in the first instance taken to the Colonel to be praised: the old gentleman, who was not particularly fond of nestling at any time, but whose whole heart and soul were at the present moment occupied in the affairs of his prodigal nephew, kissed one and patted the other, and 'blessed the little heart' of *this* one, and 'pretty deared' *that* one, until the ceremony of inspection and approbation having been fully gone through, the whole party was turned over to Louisa, to undergo a second similar operation; after this they were placed upon the chairs assigned to them, Dawes retired, and the conversation was resumed.

"And pray now," said the Colonel, "what is your real opinion, Mr. Abberly, of the state of poor George's pecuniary affairs?"

"Sir," said Abberly, "I really think, if you wish me to speak candidly—Maria, my dear, look at Georgiana.—she is spilling all the sugar over the table."

"Georgiana," said Mrs. Abberly, emphatically, "keep still, child; Sophy, help your sister to some sugar."

"I really believe," continued Mr. Abber-

ly, "that Mr. George Arden—Sophy, put down that knife—Maria, that child will cut her fingers off, how *can* you let her do so—I wonder at you—upon my word, Sophy, I am quite ashamed of *you*."

"Sophy, you naughty girl," cried her mamma, "put down that knife directly, or I'll send you up-stairs."

"I was only cutting the cake, ma," said Sophy.

"Don't do it again, then, and sit still," exclaimed the mother; and turning to Louisa, added in an under-tone, "Pretty dears, it is so difficult to keep them quiet at that age."

"Well, sir," again said the Colonel, "but let me beg you to tell me seriously what you advise then to be done in the first instance."

"Why, there is but one course," answered the lawyer, who was a man of first-rate talent; "you know, sir, there are different modes of treating different cases, but in this instance, the course, I think, is clear and evident—Tom, you naughty child, you'll be down; get off the back of Colonel Arden's chair directly."

"What a funny pig-tail!" exclaimed somebody, in reference to a minute article of that sort worn by the Colonel. Sophy laughed, and slapped her brother's shoulder.

"Hush, William," exclaimed Mrs. Abberly, holding up her hand in a menacing posture.

"And that course," continued the master of the house, "if there be a chance yet left of preserving the young man, it will be absolutely necessary to pursue."

"Tell me then, for God's sake, said the Colonel, deeply interested and highly agitated, 'what you propose should be our first measure.'

"George, my love," exclaimed Mrs. Abberly to her husband, "will you be good enough to speak to Robert; he won't mind me the least in the world."

"Robert, be quiet," thundered out his father in an awful tone.

"She won't give me any cherries, pa," said Robert.

"That's a story, now, Robert," cried the eldest girl, who was nearly ten years old, and was screwed in, and poked out, to look like a woman; with curls and a necklace, and a dress exactly like her mother's, who was forty.

"I'm sure you have had more than Sophy—only you are a rude boy."

"Bless my heart!" said the Colonel, half aside, warming a little with the events. "I beg your pardon, what did you say you would advise, Mr. Abberly?"

"Decidedly this," said Abberly, "I—"

"My love, interrupted Mrs. Abberly once more—is that port or claret, near you? Dr. Mango says Maria is to have half a glass of port wine every day after dinner, this hot weather.—half a glass—thank you—there—not more—that will do, dear;—"

here Mr. Abberly had concluded the operation of pouring out. "Tom," said mamma, "go and fetch the wine for your sister, there's a dear love."

Tom did as he was bid, tripped his toe over the corner of the rug in passing round the corner of the table, and deposited the major part of the port wine in the lap of Miss Louisa Neville, who was habited in an apple-green pelisse, (which she had not taken off since her arrival,) that was by no means improved in its appearance by the accidental reception of the contents of Miss Maria's glass.

"Good God! Tom," exclaimed Mrs. Abberly, "what an awkward child you are!—Dear Miss Neville, what shall we do?—ring the bell, Sophy, send for Simmons, or send for Miss Neville's maid—Miss Neville, pray take off your pelisse."

"Oh, I assure you it is not of the slightest consequence," said Louisa, with one of her sweetest smiles, at the same moment wishing Tom had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before he had given her the benefit of his *gaucherie*; a stain upon a silk dress being, as every body knows, at all times and seasons, a feminine aggravation of the first class.

Tom, anticipating a beating from some quarter, but which, he did not stop to calculate, set up a most mellifluous howling; this awakened from its peaceful slumbers a fat poodle, who had been reposing after a hearty dinner beneath the table, and who forthwith commenced a most terrific barking.

"Be quiet, Tom," said Mrs. Abberly.—"Maria, my angel, do keep the children still."

"Ma," exclaimed Maria junior, "I'm not to lose my wine,—am I, pa?"

"No, my love, to be sure," said Abberly; "come here and fetch it yourself, my darling."

"She had better drink it there, Mr. A.," said the prudent mother.

And accordingly, under the surveillance of his wife, who kept watching him as to the exact quantity, periodically cautioning him with—there, my love—there, my dear—that will do—no more, my love, &c.—Mr. A. as they *Bloomstburily* called him, poured out another half-glass of Port-wine as prescribed by Doctor Mango, for his daughter.

Old Arden, whose patience was nearly exhausted, and who thought that Mrs. Abberly was, like Lady Cork's chairs upon state occasions, screwed to their place, sought what he considered a favourable 'lull,' as the sailors call it, to endeavour to ascertain what Abberly's plan for the redemption of his nephew actually was, and had just wound himself into an interrogative shape, when Mrs. Abberly called his attention by observing, "that a certain little lady," looking very archly at Miss Maria, "wanted very much to let him hear

how well she could repeat a little poem without book.

Mrs. Abberly had prepared Louisa for this, by whispering to her, that such exhibitions created emulation in the nursery, and that Dawes was a very superior person and with Miss Gubbins. (who was quite invaluable) brought them on delightfully.

'I shall be charmed, ma'am,' said the Colonel, heaving a sigh. And accordingly the child stood up at his side, and began that beautiful bit of Barbauldism so extremely popular in the lower forms of preparatory schools, called 'The Beggar's Petition.' Arden could not, however, suppress a significant ejaculation, quite intelligible, to his niece, when the dear little Maria, smelling of soap and bread and butter, with her shoulders pushed back, her head stuck up, and her clavicle developed like drum-sticks, squeaked out the opening line—

'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.'

'Ah!'—exclaimed Arden, at the same time pushing back his chair and twirling his thumbs.

'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,' continued the sweet innocent,

'Whose trembling limbs has bore him to oo door,

'Who e dace are dwilden'd to is sortest pan—

'Oh!—'

'Give relief,' said Mrs. Abberly.—

'Give a leaf,' said the child,—

'And Heaven,' continued Mrs. Abberly.—

'Give a leaf and Heaven,' repeated Maria.—

'And Heaven'—

'Well, what's next?' said Mr. Abberly.

'Give a leaf and Heaven, well what's next?' said the child.

'No, my dear love,' said her papa, patting her little head,—

'Heav'n will bless your store.'

'Why you said it yesterday, my darling without missing a single word.'

'Heav'n will bless your store,' said the child.

'Now that's all learnt from the book, Colonel,' said Mrs. Abberly, 'not by rote!'

'Very pretty indeed, ma'am,' said the Colonel, 'very clever!'

'Ah! but there are six more verses, sir,' said Sophy;—'she only knows three,—I can say 'em all!'

'That you can't' said Tom; 'I can say 'em better than you; besides, I can say all about 'The Black-beetle's Ball,' and 'The Bull and the Watering-pot.'

'Oh, you story-teller Tom!'

'I can,' said Tom, 'you may go and ask Miss Gubbins if I can't.'

'I know you can't, Tom, and Miss Gubbins said so only yesterday,' replied Sophy.

'Hush, hush, my dears!' said the master of the house; 'never mind who says

that; you know you are older than Tom, my love. 'Pray Colonel,' said the fond father, turning to the agitated old man, 'do you think Sophy grows like her mother?'

'Very like indeed,' said the Colonel; at the same moment patting Master Robert on the head, who happened to be standing by him, playing with his watch-chain and seals; the merry-andrew dresses of the younger branches of the family not very distinctly marking the difference in their sexes.

About this period the Colonel, who was on the point of despair, observed, that he thought Louisa had better go and change her dress, hoping that a move on her part would induce the mistress of the house to carry off her troop of chickens. Nor was he wrong in his expectations, although the operation was not so speedily effected as he imagined.

The ceremony of re-ringing the bell, re-summoning the servant, re-ordering Dawes were all to be performed in detail, and were accordingly gone through, with that sort of mechanical precision, which proved beyond a doubt that it was, as Mrs. Abberly had said, 'their constant custom in the afternoon' to parade their promising progeny after dinner.

The various fidgettings and twistings of Colonel Arden whose age and disposition militated considerably against any thing like a restraint upon his feelings, and whose manner generally indicated the workings of his mind, had not escaped the observation of Mrs. Abberly, who saw with a mother's eye that 'the Colonel was not fond of children.' It was highly complimentary to her perception upon this point, that the old gentleman whispered in a sort of mingled agony and triumph to Louisa as she passed him, in leaving the dinner-parlour with all the young fry, 'Oh, for the days of good King Herod.' This fatal speech was overheard by Mrs. Abberly, and when the exemplary parent was confiding to the trusty Dawes the little community, whose appetites for supper had been sharpened by the fruits, sugars, wines, creams and sweetcakes, with which they had been crammed after dinner, she observed to that trusty servant, 'that Colonel Arden was next door to a brute.'

The brute, however, must needs, after having his other bottle, adjourn to the drawing-room. Mark the sequel. Mrs. Abberly having overheard the Colonel's concluding speech in the drawing-room was ordering the children out of the drawing-room the moment she saw the old sinner enter it—but the Colonel made a very handsome apology—indeed, every thing was smoothed over, and the coffee cups were filled. Mrs. Abberly, in fact, felt almost pleased with the Colonel, when he called her favourite Tom, (without exception the rudest and stupidest boy in Christendom,) and, placing him maternally by

his side, began to question him on sundry topics usually resorted to on similar occasions. From this promising lad the old gentleman learned that four and four make nine, that William the Conqueror was the last of the Roman Emperors, that gunpowder was invented by Guy Fawkes, and that the first man who went up in an air-balloon was Christopher Columbus. In the extreme accuracy of these answers, he received a satisfactory corroboration of his constant remark upon the education of boys at home, under the superintendence of mammas and governesses, and had dismissed his young friend with an approving compliment, when the boy, wishing to show that he knew more than the old man thought for, looked him in the face, and asked him, who lived next door to him?

'Next door to me, my fine fellow,' said the Colonel, 'why, nobody; that is to say, I live in the country far from any other house—my next neighbour is Lord Malephant.'

'Ah!' said Tom, 'and is he a brute, sir?'

'No, my dear,' answered the Colonel; 'he is an excellent man, and one of my oldest friends.'

'Ah, then,' said the boy, 'who lives on the other side of you?'

'Why, my neighbour on the other side,' said the Colonel, surprised at the apparently unnatural inquisitiveness of the child, 'is the rector of my parish.'

'Is he a brute, sir?' enquired Master Abberly.

'No, my dear,' said the Colonel; 'a pattern for country clergymen—never did there exist a better man.'

'Ah!' said Tom, evidently disappointed.

'Why do you ask?' said his father.

'I don't know,' replied the boy.

'You should never ask questions, child, without knowing why,' said papa.

'I do know why only I shan't tell,' said Tom.

'I desire you will, Tom,' said his parent, anticipating a display of that precocious wit, for which the dunderhead ass was so celebrated in his own family.

'Oh, I'll tell it if you like! it's only because I wanted to know which of them gentlemen was brutes,' said the boy.

'Why, my fine fellow?' said the Colonel, whose curiosity was whetted by the oddity of the questions.

'Why,' replied Tom, 'because when mamma was talking to Dawes just now about you, she said you was next door to a brute, and so I wanted to know who he was.'

This was the signal for general consternation. Miss Gubbins hemmed loud, and tumbled over the music, which lay on the piano—the eldest girl laughed outright—Mr. Abberly threatened to whip his son and heir—Mrs. Abberly turned as red as scarlet, and endeavoured to convince Miss Neville of the utter groundlessness of the

charge against her, and proclaimed the whole affair to be a new instance of Tom's precocious archness, and a mere application of his own, at the moment, of some story which he had heard some other person tell.

The Colonel, however, joined so good-humoredly in a laugh with his niece, at the *naivete* of the boy, and bore the attack with so much kindness, that Mrs. Abberly, whatever she might have previously thought or said on the subject, set the old gentleman down as a 'dear kind creature,' and continued praising him periodically through the evening.

POETRY.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

STANZAS.

Oh! do not ask me why I weep,
Or why in sadness I repine;
I cannot hush my woes to sleep,
There is no balm for grief like mine.
My heart is 'reft of happiness,
And sorrows o'er its own distress.

Oh! do not ask me for the smile,
Which once could play upon my brow;
No longer can the glow beguile,
Or soothe the heart that's aching now.
The joys I valued most are gone,
And I am left to grieve alone.

Oh! do not ask me for the song,
Which promised years of future bliss,
And while it swells upon my tongue,
Lull'd care into forgetfulness:
Such joyous moments once were mine,
But now—I bow at mis'ry's shrine.

Nor ask me why this once proud form,
Has shrunk to very nothingness;
It drop'd beneath affliction's storm,
A prey to grief—to wretchedness:
But soon my anguish will be o'er,
And sorrow will be felt no more.

Yes! soon the solemn knell will sound,
The sable hearse move slowly on;
And death-like silence reigning round,
Will seem to whisper "Ida's gone."
O! then how sweet my sleep will be,
Beneath the lonely cypress tree.

There, will I rest my aching head,
There, find relief from grief and care,
Sweet flowers shall bloom around my bed,
And with their fragrance scent the air:
Then, may my spirit haste away,
From sorrow's night,—to endless day.

IDA.

THE WITCH OF THE GRAY THORN.

[BY JAMES HOGG.]

"Thou old wrinkled beldame, thou crone of the night,
Come read me my vision, and read it aright;
For 'tisst thou hast met me, 'tis the picture to scan
Far onward beyond the existence of man—

And hid'st thee for ever from eye of the day,
But rid'st on the night-wind away and away
Over cloud, over valley, on hemlock or reed,
To burrow in church-yards, and harass the dead.
Old beldame declare thee, and give me to wis,
If I stand at the side of such being as this!"

"Mad priest of Inchaffery, I know thee too well,
Though thus in disguise thou hast come to my cell;
What is it to thee if through darkness I fly
Like bird to career round the skirts of the sky—
Or sail o'er the seas in my shallop or shell,
To do what the tongue of flesh dares not to tell?
Suffice it, I know what thy vision hath been,
Ere a word I have heard, or a sign I have seen;
Besides, its high import distinctly I see;
And, priest of Inchaffery, I'll tell it to thee—
Not for love or reward, but it troubles the sore
To have one in my presence I scorn and abhor.

"Thou did'st dream of a coronet blazing with gold,
That was hail'd by the young, and admired by the old;

And thou had'st a longing the thing to obtain;
But all thy bold efforts to reach it were vain;
When lo! thine own antre arose from thy crown,
And mounted aloft, whilst the other sank down;
It mounted and rose in a circle of flame,
'Midst clamours of wonder and shouts of acclaim;
The crown into darkness descended apace,
And thine was exalted on high in its place.
Thou saw'st at the red blood ran down in a stream,
Thou awakend'st in terror, and all was a dream!
Priest, that was thy dream—and thou must—'tis
decreed—

Put down the Archbishop, and rise in its stead!"

"Thou liest, thou old hag. With the cunning
of hell
Thou darest me to practice what thou doest foretell;
But there both thy master and thee I'll defy:
Yet that was my vision, I may not deny.
Mysterious being, unbest and unshriven!
Pray, had'st thou that secret from hell or from
heaven?"

"I had it, proud priest, from a fountain sublime,
That swells beyond nature, and streams beyond
time;
And though from the same source thy warning
might come,

Yet mine was the essence and thine but the scum.
I heard and I saw, what if thou had'st but seen,
A terror thy mortal existence had been;
For thou had'st grown rigid as statue of lead—
A beacon of terror for sinners to dread!
Thou think'st thou hast learning and knowledge
inborn;

Proud priest of Inchaffery, I laugh thee to scorn!
Thou know'st lest of nature, where spirits roam
free,
Than a mole does of heaven, or a worm does of
thee.

"Begone with thy gold, thy ambition, and pride;
I have told thee thy vision, and soiv'd it beside,
Yet dare not to doubt the event I foretell—
The thing is decreed both in heaven and hell,
That thou, an arch-traitor, must do a good deed,
Put down the Archbishop, and rise in his stead!"

Away went the Abbot with crosier and cowl,
And visions of grandeur disturbing his soul;
And as he rode on to himself thus he said—
"The counsels of heaven must all be obey'd;
Nor throne, church, nor state, can security have,
Till that haughty prelate be laid in his grave.
Let that nerve my arm, and my warrant be."—
Well said, thou good Abbot of Inchaffery!

The Archbishop had potted too deep in the state;
The nobles were moved 'gainst the man of their
hate;

The Monarch was roused—and pronounced in his
wrath
A sentence unseemly—the Archbishop's death!
But that very night that his doom was decreed,
A private assassin accomplish'd the deed.
The court was amazed; for loud whisperings came
Of a deed too unhallow'd and horrid to name;
Abroad rush'd the rumour, and would not be
stemm'd;
The murderer is captured, convicted, condemned;

Condemn'd to be hung like a dog on a tree.

"Who is the assassin?—pray who may it be?"

Ha!—the worthy good Abbot of Inchaffery!"

In darkness and chains the poor Abbot is laid,
And soon his death-warrant is to him convey'd:
His hour is announced, but he laughs it to scorn,
And sends an express for the Witch of Gray Thorn.
She came at his call, and though hideous her form,
And shrivel'd and crouch'd like a crane in a storm,
Yet in her dim eye that was hollow'd by time
The joy of a demon was gleaming sublime,
And with a weak laugh 'twixt a scream and a hiss,
She cried, "Pray, great Abbot, is all come to this?"

"Where now thy bright omens, thou hag of the
night?"

Come read me this riddle, and read it aright.
So far thou said'st truth—the Archbishop is dead;
Thy bodement confirm—shall I rise in his stead?"

"Yes, up to the gallows!" the beldame replied,
"This day the Archbishop had suffer'd and died;
But headlong on death I have caused thee to run.
Ha, ha! I have conquer'd and thou art undone!"

"Oh! had I the hands which these fetters de-
grade,
To scar out thy tongue for the lies it hath made!"

May heaven's dread vengeance depart from thee
never,

But descend and enthrall thee for ever and ever!"

"Ay, curse thou away; to the theme I agree;
Thy curse is worth ten thousand blessings to me.
Ha, ha! thou proud priest, I have won! I have
won!"

Thy course of ambition and cruelty's run.
Thou tortured'st me once, till my nerves were
all torn,

For crimes I was free of as babe newly born;
'Twas that which compell'd me, in hour of des-
pair,

To sell soul and body to the Prince of the Air;
That great dreadful spirit of power and of pride,
His servant I am, and thy curse I deride.
For vengeance I did it, for vengeance alone;
Without that future laments had none.

I have now had full measure in sight of the sun—
Ha, ha, thou proud priest, I have won! I have
won!

'Tis not thy poor life that my vengeance can tame,
It lies to the future, to regions of flame,
To witness, exulting, th' extreme of thy doom,
And harass thy being, 'mid terror and gloom.
Ay, grind thou thy fetters, and fume as thou wilt,
O now I rejoice in thy rage and thy guilt!
And more—I have promise may well strike thee
dumb!

To be nurse to thy spirit for ages to come;
Think how thou wilt pay that the task shall be mine
To wreck and to cease thee with tortures condign,
O'er catarracts of sulphur, and torrents of flame,
And horrors that have not exposure nor name,
Until this vile world of lust and of crime
Have sounded through fire the last trumpet of
Time:

Adieu, bloody priest, in thy hour of despair,
When thy soul is forth coming, there's one shall be
there."

The Abbot was borne to the scaffold away,
He stretch'd out his hands and attempted to pray;
But at that dire moment there sounded a knell
Close to his sun'd ear, 'twixt a laugh and a yell;
And a voice said aloud, that seem'd creaking with
hate,

"Ha, ha, thou proud priest, it's too late! it's too
late!"

He shiver'd, he sunk, dropp'd the sign, and was
hung;

He gasp'd and he died, and that moment there
rang

This sound through the welkin so darksome and
dun,

"I have thee—I have thee—I have won!—I
have won!"

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you,
fill her above the arm with love of herself;—all
that runs over will be yours.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 10, 1826

* * * in a dilemma.

Oh! Mr. Editor, Mr. Editor! you are a charitable man and have the "bowels of compassion inside of you," as Billy Lackaday says of the late Mr. Bell. To your sympathizing spirit I unfold my troubles, in the full assurance that, if you ever cry, you will shed the tear of pity over my sad story. Mr. Editor, I am fond of good singing, I adore sweet music, I idolize the melody and the harmony of sound; but curse me, if I can make out to be an *amateur*, in spite of all this. I can't get the run of the science, I can't master the technical terms, and *ergo* (which being interpreted meaneth *therefore*) I am subjected to insupportable miseries. *Exempli gratia*, (which meaneth, *by way of example*) I betook myself to the Opera, the other evening, to listen to the dulcet notes of the divine Signorina, or to use the fashionable phrase of the American, "*the Garcia*." By the way, Mr. Editor, is it not a *misnomer*, as we lawyers would say, to call a married lady "*Signorina*?" *Vide* an Italian Dictionary. But, Sir, not "to mar a curious tale in the telling of it," I will proceed briefly and directly. I took my seat in my favourite box, and as the d—l (for it must have been *his* doing) would have it, I found myself along side of a Corinthian of my acquaintance who is a professed *amateur*. He kindly undertook to tell me when to cry "*Bravo*," and when to cry "*Psha*," but as my lungs are weak and my toes tender, I am not in the habit of applauding performers *voce aut pedibus*. My kind amateur seemed determined to ascertain whether there was or was not a similarity in our tastes. The Signorina was warbling one of her enchanting songs, and I was listening in rapt delight. Suddenly my *amateur* applied his mouth to my ear and exclaimed so as to be heard by the whole box "What a fine *shake* that was!" Now, I know no more of a *shake* in music than of the occupation of the man in the moon, but my character as a man of taste was at stake—I replied with imperturbable gravity, "yes, that *was* a devilish fine shake, devilish fine!" So far, so well. Presently my cacodæmon of an amateur was at me again:—"What an exquisite *run*!" said he; "Oh, that I could *run* from an ex-

quisite!" thought I, but I put on a most knowing and scientific look, and with all the enthusiasm of a genius, I replied, "yes, a most glorious *run*, charming, wonderful!"—Now, Mr. Editor, what, in the name of heaven, is a *run* in music? for unless I can find this out, I shall never dare to admire fine singing hereafter. I know what a run on the bank means, I have also seen Eclipse run, and I can understand a southern advertisement of "*runaway negroes*." But all this knowledge "*availeth me nothing*," so long as I cannot comprehend a *run* in music.

I cannot detail, indeed I cannot remember, all the scientific terms that were crammed into my unresisting ears by my musical Mentor; suffice it that I was obliged to play a part myself and the most difficult of all parts, that of a downright hypocrite in order to save my character. My amateur was convinced that I was a man of taste, and I was convinced that I was a stupid ass, for presuming to take pleasure in sweet music, when I could not tell a *shake* from a *run*.

And now, Mr. Editor, what shall I do in the premises? I am devotedly fond of music, but, hang me, if I can again stand such a battery from an *amateur*.—I shall *shake* with fear and *run* away in horror.

* * *

Answer.—Do no such thing: look knowingly and talk as if you knew all about it. Humbug and pretension are the order of the age, not only in music, but in literature, politics, and morality. Ignoramuses, who have not had even a common English education, are palmed upon the world as accomplished and classical scholars; a man who cannot decline "*penna*," will by the aid of a Dictionary of Quotations, deal out scraps of Latin by the bushel and Greek by the half-peck. He can obtain French, Italian and Spanish, from a similar source. Oh! for some arbitrary despot, to send round an inquisition amongst our *literati* and our *savans* and our belles-lettres scholars, to test and examine their pretensions, and to expose to merited scorn and contempt the unblushing impudence of *ready-made* scholars and *self-nominated* geniuses. We know of some cases in point which we should be tempted to state, were it not for one consideration, *viz.*, we do not like to hunt *small game*;

but if any one wishes to set a literary fox-trap, we can tell him where to look for a few literary foxes:—and if any one wishes to know the value of a literary reputation, we can tell him the names of some few who without the capacity of writing a sentence of good English, without an acquaintance with a single branch of science, philosophy, language or belles-lettres, have palmed themselves upon the world as intellectual, refined and accomplished scholars. We may resume this subject in our own due time, when we happen to be in a particularly bad humour, and we may let a few "*cats out of the bag*;" if they undertake to scratch us for our trouble, we shall cut off their claws.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

AN ALLEGORY.

Love and *Prudence* met one warm and sunny day in a delightful meadow; the flowers bloomed sweetly, and their fragrance scented the whole air. The grass waved long and green, but at various places were footpaths left entirely bare of herbage. Besides these there was one general way, broader and more worn than the others. In the distance a delightful green bushy wood presented itself, so very close, that, the eye, could form no idea of what was on the other side.

It was on the pleasantest and broadest road that *Love* and *Prudence* walked. They paced gaily on with nimble feet, and often swore eternal friendship. But *Love* (the wayward boy!) would often leave his friend to cull some pretty flower that bloomed at a distance from their path. *Prudence* laughed and called him foolish, but he, (thinking himself a gainer) held up the flower, and laughed too, as one who wins, but ere he could again compose himself the flower withered and its fragrance fled!

At length they reached the confines of the wood. "Will you venture in?" said *Love*. "I shall walk a little way," his comrade replied. "A little way only!" reiterated *Love*, "What do you fear?" there is nothing to hurt you, and even if there were, the pleasant spot to which (I am sure) this path must lead, will compensate us fully.

Now the road grew rougher, the trees were more closely planted, and the brush-wood reached their knees. Then *Pru-*

an opportunity, to apologize for his unseemly conduct on the previous day, and confirm what Richard had said. The time past with the greatest harmony and cordiality on all sides. Egbert seemed to forget the estimation in which he held the Montroses, and was all frankness.

After dinner, when the wine had circulated freely, and the rest of the party were engaged in debate. Edward stole from the table, to enjoy awhile the society of his lovely Caroline, who had according to custom, retired sometime previously.

They held some sweet converse, and the time sped rapidly by. O, what a joyous hour is that, when two hearts linked with the strongest chain of love, meet to fix the bridal day! What rapture is in the moments! How weak is language in the cause of love, when sighs and looks, must be the hearts interpreter!

The lovers fixed that day week, for the happy one, which was to link them eternally together. Edward soon returned to the table, and communicated what had just passed, and told the day that his happiness was to be complete. It was received with much seeming satisfaction, and such feigned pleasure was depicted both in the face of old and young Montrose, that Edward and his friend imagined, there could not possibly be any secret objection to the match, and that Richard, finding he could not with love of Caroline, had concluded to show joy on the occasion to conceal the disappointment at his heart. "How often does the face smile, and the tone sound kindly, to conceal mortified vanity!" thought Edward.—At a late hour the party broke up. While Egbert and his guest were passing some complimentary farewells, Edward sought an opportunity to bid his Caroline adieu.

"Well my love, I must bid you good night."

"Good night, Edward," she replied, "but O! be wary on the way."

"Fear nothing, my love, the kind reception that I have experienced at the hands of your relations this day, has made me change my former impression of their characters, and doubt my own judgment."

"Since yesterday," said Caroline, "I have received more attention and kinder looks than I ever experienced before. I do not understand this; but I fear that after such a calm, will come a terrible storm."

"Fear nothing, sweet Caroline."

"Be watchful on your journey home; and pray, when you do arrive, despatch a messenger hither, on some feigned errand, for I shall be in agony, till I hear you are safe."

"I will my love. Good night," he gave her one fond embrace, and hurried from her presence.

He found Egbert on the portico, and the horses ready saddled, waiting his appearance. They were soon upon the road, and in pleasant discourse, of their kind re-

ception,—the great change in the Montroses, and reproaches against their own discernment, for having formed such unfavourable impressions, they arrived safely at Alderton-house, without having seen the slightest circumstance to excite suspicion even in the most timid breast. Edward according to his promise to Caroline, dispatched a servant to announce his safety.

The time now passed in the extensive preparation for the nuptials, nothing was omitted that money could purchase, to add splendour to the occasion. The tenants and dependants on Montrose estate, were all provided with new dresses, and a sumptuous entertainment was ordered for them. To Edward's own estate the same liberality was extended. The nobility and gentry of the country round were invited to the ceremony, and as it was agreed that Edward was to convey his bride together with all the guests, to his own mansion to dinner, an early hour in the morning was fixed for the solemnization.

The sun rose upon that day, in all the glory of summer's prime. Edward was early up, and as he gazed upon the beautiful sky, the blooming earth, and listened to the sweet notes of the woodland songsters, his bosom heaved with inexpressible joy. Every omen spoke of boundless felicity, every face showed unalloyed pleasure. His heart was light and buoyant, as the soaring Lark's that floated in the sky, and sent his merry song to earth.

Edward now set out for Montrose-house, in company with his friend Egbert, and attended by numerous servants; as he entered the gate of the policy, a train of young waldens strewed flowers in his path, and the country-men unharnessed his horses, and drew the chariot to the house. Edward alighted and was received with every mark of attention and even affection. He was immediately ushered into a room splendidly decorated, where already a number of guests had arrived.

"How is my bride, this morning?" he enquired of Richard.

"Sir—Sir!" he exclaimed in an embarrassed tone.

"How is my bride?" he asked again.

"Well—I presume she is well; but, Sir—she has not yet made her appearance."

"She takes long to decorate herself, this morning," said Egbert.

"Doubtless, Sir," Richard replied, "she will appear in her best colours ere long; the most unostentatious maid at such a time, will be somewhat fastidious, and this probably detains her."

An hour passed, it was a long and anxious one to the groom, still Caroline did not appear; the guests were all in attendance; the priest was in waiting, and nothing now was wanting to complete the ceremony, but the bride.

"Where is her maid?" asked Edward in the greatest anxiety, for now strong and dreadful fears flashed across his mind.

"Sir, we have not seen her this morning," said old Montrose.

"Send to her chamber; yes, send for her immediately. We wait her appearance."

A domestic was instantly dispatched upon the message, and in a few moments returned with a downcast look, and in a melancholy tone, told that Miss Montrose was not in her apartment.

"Not in her apartment!" cried Edward in agony, "where, where can she be!"—and he stood petrified to the spot. The company interchanged dark and distrustful glances; Richard and his father, saw the feeling that pervaded all, and both looked guilty as Cain, when first he met Adam's gaze, after Abel's murder. Edward now aroused from his trance, wildly exclaimed, "Where is my bride!" and rushed from the room.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

From a late No. of the "Albion" we extract the following hit at the times, or rather, at the tendency of the times. It is an admirable article.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

It happened on the 31st of March, 1926, that the then Duke and Duchess of Bedford were sitting in their good but old house, No. 17, Liberty place (the corner of Regent-street,) near to where old Hammesmith stood before the great improvements, and although it was past two o'clock, the breakfast equipage still remained upon the table.

It may be necessary to state that the illustrious family in question, having embraced the Roman Catholic faith (which at that period was the established religion of the country,) had been allowed to retain their titles and honourable distinctions, although Woburn Abbey had been long before restored to the Church, and was at the time of which we treat, occupied by a worshipful community of holy friars. The Duke's family estates in Old London had been of course divided by the Equitable Convention amongst the numerous persons whose distressed situation gave them the strongest claims, and his Grace and his family had been for a long time receiving the compensation annuity allotted to his ancestors.

"Where is Lady Elizabeth?" said his Grace to the Duchess.

"She is making the beds, Duke," replied her Grace.

"What, again to-day?" said his Grace. "Where are Stubbs, Hogsflesh, and Figgins, the females whom, were it not contrary to law, I should call the housemaids?"

"They are gone," said her Grace, "on a sketching tour with the maniple, Mr. Nicholson, and his nephew."

'Why are not these things removed?' said his Grace, eyeing the breakfast table, upon which (the piece of furniture being of oak without covering) stood a huge jar of honey, several saucers of beetroot, a large pot of half cold decoction of sassafrage, and an urn full of bean juice, the use of cotton, sugar, tea, and coffee, having been utterly abolished by law in the year 1833.

'I have rung several times,' said the Duchess, 'and sent Lady Maria up stairs into the assistant's drawing-room to get some of them to remove the things, but they have kept her, I believe, to sing to them; I know they are very fond of hearing her, and often do so.'

His Grace, whose appetite seemed renewed by the sight of the still lingering viands which graced the board, seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and sat down to commence an attack upon some potted seal and pickled fish from Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits, which some of their friends who had gone over there to pass the summer (as was the fashion of those times) in the East India steam ships (which always touched there) had given them; and having consumed a pretty fair portion of the remnants, his favourite daughter, Lady Maria, made her appearance.

'Well, Maria,' said his Grace, 'where have you been all this time?'

'Mr. Curry,' said her Ladyship, 'the young person who is good enough to look after our horses, had a dispute with the lady who assists Mr. Briggs in dressing the dinner for us, whether it was necessary at Chess to say check to the queen when the queen was in danger, or not. I was unable to decide the question, and I assure you I got so terribly laughed at, that I ran away as fast as I could.'

'Was Duggins in the assistant's drawing-room, my love?' said the Duke.

'No,' said Lady Maria.

'I wanted him to take a message for me,' said his Grace, in a sort of demi-soliloquy.

'I'm sure he cannot go then,' said Lady Maria, 'because I know he is gone to the House of Parliament (there was but one at that time,) for he told the other gentleman who cleans the plate, that he could not be back to attend at dinner, however consonant with his wishes, because he had promised to wait for the division.'

'Ah, sighed the Duke, 'this comes of his having been elected for Westminster.'

At this moment Lord John Russell made his appearance, extremely hot and evidently tired, having under his arm a largeish parcel.

'What have you there, Johnny?' said her Grace.

'My new breeches,' said his Lordship;—'I have called upon the worthy citizen who made them, over and over again, and never could get them, for of course I could

not expect him to send them, and he is always either at the Academy or the Gymnasium—however, to day I caught him just as he was in a hot debate with a gentleman who was cleaning his windows, as to whether the solidity of a prism is equal to the product of its base by its altitude. I confess I was pleased to catch him at home—but unluckily the question was referred to me, and not comprehending it, I was deucedly glad to get off, which I did as fast as I could, both parties calling after me—'There's a Lord for you—look at my Lord!'—and hooting me in a manner which, however constitutional, I cannot help thinking deucedly disagreeable.'

At this period, what in former times was called a footman, named Dowbiggin, made his appearance, who entered the room, as the Duke hoped, to remove the breakfast things—but it was, in fact, to ask Lady Maria to sketch a tree in a landscape, which he was in the course of painting.

'Dowbiggin, said his Grace in despair, 'I wish you would take away these breakfast things.'

'Indeed,' said Dowbiggin, looking at the Duke with the most ineffable contempt—'you do—that's capital—what right have you to ask me to do any such thing?'

'Why, Mr. Dowbiggin,' said the Duchess, who was a bit of a Tartar in her way—'his Grace pays you, and feeds you, and clothes you to—'

'Well, Duchess,' said Dowbiggin, 'and what then—let his Grace show me his superiority. I am ready to do any thing for him—but please to recollect I asked him yesterday, when I *did* remove the coffee, to tell me what the Altaic Chain is called, when, after having united all the rivers which supply the Jenisei, it stretches as far as the Baikal Lake—and what did he answer—he made a French pun, and said '*Je ne sais pas, Dowbiggin*'—now if it can be shown by any statute that I, who am perfectly competent to answer any question I propose, am first to be put off with a quibble by way of reply, and secondly to be required to work for a man who does not know as much as I do myself, merely because he is a Duke, why I'll do it, but if not, I will resist in a constitutional manner such illiberal oppression, and such ridiculous controul, even though I am transported to Scotland for it.—Now, Lady Maria, go on with the tree.'

'John,' said the Duke to his son, when you have put away your small clothes, go and ask Mr. Martingale if he will be kind enough to let the horses be put to our carriage, since the Duchess and I wish to go to mass.'

—'You need not send to Martingale,' said Dowbiggin, 'he is gone to the Society of Arts to hear a Lecture on Astronomy.'

'Then, John, go and endeavour to harness the horses yourself,' said the Duke to his son, who instantly obeyed.

'You had better mind about those horses, Sir,' said Dowbiggin, still watching the progress of his tree: 'the two German philosophers and Father O'Flynn have been with them to-day, and there appears little doubt that the great system will spread, and that even these animals, which we have been taught to despise, will express their sentiments before long.'

'The sentiments of a coach-horse!' sighed the Duchess.

'Thanks, Lady MARIA,' said DOWBIGGIN, 'now I'll go to work merrily; and, Duke, whenever you can fudge up an answer to my question about the Altaic chain, send one of the girls and I'll take away the things.'

DOWBIGGIN disappeared, and the Duke, who was anxious to get the parlour cleared (for the house, except two rooms, was all appropriated to the *assistants*.) resolved to enquire of his priest when he was out, what the proper answer would be to DOWBIGGIN'S question, which he had tried to evade by the offensive quibble, when Lord JOHN RUSSELL re-appeared, as white as a sheet.

'My dear father,' cried his Lordship, 'it's all over now—the Philosophers have carried the thing too far; the chestnut mare swears she'll be d—d if she goes out to-day.'

'What,' said the Duke, 'has their liberality gone to this—do horses talk? My dear John, you and I know that asses have written before this, but for horses to speak?'

'Perhaps, John,' said the Duchess, 'it is merely yea and nay, or probably only the female horses who talk at all.'

'Yes, mother, yes,' said her son, 'both of them spoke; and not only that, but NAP, the dog you were once so fond of, called after me to say that we had no right to keep him tied up in that dismal yard, and that he would appeal to Parliament if we did not let him out.'

'My dear Duchess,' said the Duke, who was even more alarmed at the spread of intelligence than her Grace—'there is but one thing for us to do—let us pack up all we can, and if we can get a few well-disposed post-horses, before they get too much enlightened, to take us towards the coast, let us be off.'

What happened farther, this historical fragment does not explain—but it is believed that the family escaped with their clothes and a few valuables, leaving their property in the possession of their assistants, who, by extending with a liberal anxiety (natural in men who have become learned and great by similar means themselves) the benefits of enlightenment, in turn gave way to the superior claims of inferior animals, and were themselves compelled eventually to relinquish happiness, power, and tranquillity, in favour of monkeys, horses, jack-asses, dogs, and all manner of beasts.

THE FAMILY PARTY.

Colonel Arden having come to town for the express purpose of reclaiming his nephew, who was involved in all the most riotous and expensive dissipation of London, dined the first day with his attorney in Gray's Inn Lane. The Colonel carried his niece, Miss Louisa Neville, along with him.

The meal was speedily finished, and the dessert put down, and Arden, who, as the reader may imagine, was most anxious to hear tidings of his misguided nephew, commenced a series of inquiries upon the interesting subject, when Mrs. Abberly interrupted the conversation by asking her husband "just to ring the bell."

This request having been complied with, a servant appeared, to whom his mistress whispered, "Tell Dawes to bring the children;" the man disappeared, and the lady, turning to Louisa, with one of those sweet smiles which ladies about to praise themselves are in the habit of putting on, said, "We are very old fashioned folks, Miss Neville. Mr. A. and myself make it a rule to have all the children round us every day after dinner—some people don't like it, but I hope and trust we shall never be so fashionable as *that* comes to."

Miss Neville was about to rejoin something very laudatory, touching infantine attraction and maternal affection, when a considerable uproar and squalling was heard in the hall, and the parlour door flying open, Dawes made her appearance, attended by seven fine healthy creatures, varying in their height from four feet two, to two feet four, and in their ages from ten to three years. Chairs were ranged round the table for the young fry, who were extremely orderly and well behaved for a short time, and in the first instance taken to the Colonel to be praised: the old gentleman, who was not particularly fond of nestling at any time, but whose whole heart and soul were at the present moment occupied in the affairs of his prodigal nephew, kissed one and patted the other, and 'blessed the little heart' of *this* one, and 'pretty deared' *that* one, until the ceremony of inspection and approbation having been fully gone through, the whole party was turned over to Louisa, to undergo a second similar operation; after this they were placed upon the chairs assigned to them. Dawes retired, and the conversation was resumed.

"And pray now," said the Colonel, "what is your real opinion, Mr. Abberly, of the state of poor George's pecuniary affairs?"

"Sir," said Abberly, "I really think, if you wish me to speak candidly—Maria, my dear, look at Georgiana,—she is spilling all the sugar over the table."

"Georgiana," said Mrs. Abberly, emphatically, "keep still, child; Sophy, help your sister to some sugar."

"I really believe," continued Mr. Abber-

ly, "that Mr. George Arden—Sophy, put down that knife—Maria, that child will cut her fingers off, how *can* you let her do so—I wonder at you—upon my word, Sophy, I am quite ashamed of you."

"Sophy, you naughty girl," cried her mamma, "put down that knife directly, or I'll send you up-stairs."

"I was only cutting the cake, ma," said Sophy.

"Don't do it again, then, and sit still," exclaimed the mother; and, turning to Louisa, added in an under-tone, "Pretty dears, it is so difficult to keep them quiet at that age."

"Well, sir," again said the Colonel, "but let me beg you to tell me seriously what you advise then to be done in the first instance."

"Why, there is but one course," answered the lawyer, who was a man of first-rate talent; "you know, sir, there are different modes of treating different cases, but in this instance, the course, I think, is clear and evident—Tom, you naughty child, you'll be down; get off the back of Colonel Arden's chair directly."

"What a funny pig-tail!" exclaimed somebody, in reference to a minute article of that sort worn by the Colonel. Sophy laughed, and slapped her brother's shoulder.

"Hush, William," exclaimed Mrs. Abberly, holding up her hand in a menacing posture.

"And that course," continued the master of the house, "if there be a chance yet left of preserving the young man, it will be absolutely necessary to pursue."

"Tell me then, for God's sake, said the Colonel, deeply interested and highly agitated, 'what you propose should be our first measure.'"

"George, my love," exclaimed Mrs. Abberly to her husband, "will you be good enough to speak to Robert; he won't mind me the least in the world."

"Robert, be quiet," thundered out his father in an awful tone.

"She won't give me any cherries, pa," said Robert.

"That's a story, now, Robert," cried the eldest girl, who was nearly ten years old, and was screwed in, and poked out, to look like a woman; with curls and a necklace, and a dress exactly like her mother's, who was forty.

"I'm sure you have had more than Sophy—only you are a rude boy."

"Bless my heart!" said the Colonel, half aside warning a little with the events. "I beg your pardon, what did you say you would advise, Mr. Abberly?"

"Decidedly this," said Abberly. "I—"

"My love, interrupted Mrs. Abberly once more, is that port or claret near you? Dr. Mango says Maria is to have half a glass of port wine every day after dinner this hot weather—h if a glass—thank you—there—not more—that will do, dear;—"

here Mr. Abberly had concluded the operation of pouring out. "Tom," said mamma, "go and fetch the wine for your sister, there's a dear love."

Tom did as he was bid, tripped his toe over the corner of the rug in passing round the corner of the table, and deposited the major part of the port wine in the lap of Miss Louisa Neville, who was habited in an apple-green pelisse, (which she had not taken off since her arrival,) that was by no means improved in its appearance by the accidental reception of the contents of Miss Maria's glass.

"Good God! Tom," exclaimed Mrs. Abberly, "what an awkward child you are!—Dear Miss Neville, what shall we do!—ring the bell, Sophy, send for Simmons, or send for Miss Neville's maid—Miss Neville, pray take off your pelisse."

"Oh, I assure you it is not of the slightest consequence," said Louisa, with one of her sweetest smiles, at the same moment wishing Tom had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before he had given her the benefit of his *gaucherie*; a stain upon a silk dress being, as every body knows, at all times and seasons, a feminine aggravation of the first class.

Tom, anticipating a beating from some quarter, but which, he did not stop to calculate, set up a most mellifluous howling; this awakened from its peaceful slumbers a fat poodle, who had been reposing after a hearty dinner beneath the table, and who forthwith commenced a most terrific barking.

"Be quiet, Tom," said Mrs. Abberly.—"Maria, my angel, do keep the children still."

"Ma," exclaimed Maria junior, "I'm not to lose my wine,—am I, pa?"

"No, my love, to be sure," said Abberly; "come here and fetch it yourself, my darling."

"She had better drink it there, Mr. A.," said the prudent mother.

And accordingly, under the *surveillance* of his wife, who kept watching him as to the exact quantity, periodically cautioning him with—there, my love—there, my dear—that will do—no more, my love, &c.—Mr. A. as they *Bloomshurily* called him, poured out another half-glass of Port-wine as prescribed by Doctor Mango, for his daughter.

Old Arden, whose patience was nearly exhausted, and who thought that Mrs. Abberly was, like Lady Cork's chairs upon state occasions, screwed to their place, sought what he considered a favourable 'lull,' as the sailors call it, to endeavour to ascertain what Abberly's plan for the redemption of his nephew actually was, and had just wound himself into an interrogative shape, when Mrs. Abberly called his attention by observing, "that a certain little lady," looking very archly at Miss Maria, "wanted very much to let him hear

how well she could repeat a little poem without book.

Mrs. Abberly had prepared Louisa for this by whispering to her, that such exhibitions created emulation in the nursery, and that Dawes was a very superior person and with Miss Gubbins, (who was quite invaluable,) brought them on delightfully.

'I shall be charmed, ma'am,' said the Colonel, heaving a sigh. And accordingly the child stood up at his side, and began that beautiful bit of Barbauldism so extremely popular in the lower forms of preparatory schools, called 'The Beggar's Petition.' Arden could not, however, suppress a significant ejaculation, quite intelligible to his niece, when the dear little Maria, smelling of soap and bread and butter, with her shoulders pushed back, her head stuck up, and her clavicle developed like drum-sticks, squeaked out the opening line—

'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.'

'Ah!'—exclaimed Arden, at the same time pushing back his chair and twirling his thumbs.

'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,' continued the sweet innocent,

'Whose trembling limbs has bore him to oo door,

'Who e dace are dwilden'd to is sortest pan—

'Oh!—'

'Give relief,' said Mrs. Abberly.—

'Give a leaf,' said the child,—

And Heaven,' continued Mrs. Abberly.—

'Give a leaf and Heaven,' repeated Maria.—

'And Heaven'—

'Well, what's next?' said Mr. Abberly.

'Give a leaf and Heaven, well what's next?' said the child.

'No, my dear love,' said her papa, patting her little head,—

'Heav'n will bless your store.'

'Why you said it yesterday, my darling without missing a single word.'

'Heav'n will bless your store.' said the child.

'Now that's all learnt from the book, Colonel,' said Mrs. Abberly, 'not by rote!'

'Very pretty indeed, ma'am,' said the Colonel, 'very clever!'

'Ah! but there are six more verses, sir,' said Sophy;—'she only knows three,—I can say 'em all!'

'That you can't' said Tom; 'I can say 'em better than you; besides, I can say all about 'The Black-beetle's Ball,' and 'The Bull and the Watering-pot.'

'Oh, you story-teller Tom!'

'I can,' said Tom, 'you may go and ask Miss Gubbins if I can't.'

'I know you can't, Tom, and Miss Gubbins said so only yesterday,' replied Sophy.

'Hush, hush, my dears!' said the master of the house; 'never mind who says

that; you know you are older than Tom, my love. 'Pray Colonel,' said the fond father, turning to the agitated old man, 'do you think Sophy grows like her mother!'

'Very like indeed,' said the Colonel; at the same moment patting Master Robert on the head, who happened to be standing by him, playing with his watch-chain and seals; the merry-andrew dresses of the younger branches of the family not very distinctly marking the difference in their sexes.

About this period the Colonel, who was on the point of despair, observed, that he thought Louisa had better go and change her dress, hoping that a move on her part would induce the mistress of the house to carry off her troop of chickens. Nor was he wrong in his expectations, although the operation was not so speedily effected as he imagined.

The ceremony of re-ringing the bell, re-summoning the servant, re-ordering Dawes were all to be performed in detail, and were accordingly gone through, with that sort of mechanical precision, which proved beyond a doubt that it was, as Mrs. Abberly had said, 'their constant custom in the afternoon' to parade their promising progeny after dinner.

The various fidgettings and twistings of Colonel Arden whose age and disposition militated considerably against any thing like a restraint upon his feelings, and whose manner generally indicated the workings of his mind, had not escaped the observation of Mrs. Abberly, who saw with a mother's eye that the Colonel was not fond of children. It was highly complimentary to her perception upon this point, that the old gentleman whispered in a sort of mingled agony and triumph to Louisa as she passed him, in leaving the dinner-parlour with all the young fry, 'Oh, for the days of good King Herod.' This fatal speech was overheard by Mrs. Abberly, and when the exemplary parent was confiding to the trusty Dawes the little com-munity, whose appetites for supper had been sharpened by the fruits, sugars, wines, creams and sweetcakes, with which they had been crammed after dinner, she observed to that trusty servant, 'that Colonel Arden was next door to a brute.'

The brute, however, must needs, after having his other bottle, adjourn to the drawing-room. Mark the sequel. Mrs. Abberly having overheard the Colonel's concluding speech in the drawing-room was ordering the children out of the drawing-room the moment she saw the old sinner enter—*but* the Colonel made a very handsome apology—indeed, every thing was smoothed over, and the coffee cups were filled. Mrs. Abberly, in fact, felt almost pleased with the Colonel, when he called her favourite Tom, (without exception the rudest and stupidest boy in Christendom,) and, placing him maternally by

his side, began to question him on sundry topics usually resorted to on similar occasions. From this promising lad the old gentleman learned that four and four make nine, that William the Conqueror was the last of the Roman Emperors, that gunpowder was invented by Guy Fawkes, and that the first man who went up in an air-balloon was Christopher Columbus. In the extreme accuracy of these answers, he received a satisfactory corroboration of his constant remark upon the education of boys at home, under the superintendence of mammas and governesses, and had dismissed his young friend with an approving compliment, when the boy, wishing to show that he knew more than the old man thought for, looked him in the face, and asked him, who lived next door to him?

'Next door to me, my fine fellow,' said the Colonel, 'why, nobody; that is to say, I live in the country far from any other house—my next neighbour is Lord Malephant.'

'Ah!' said Tom, 'and is he a brute, sir?'

'No, my dear,' answered the Colonel; 'he is an excellent man, and one of my oldest friends.'

'Ah, then,' said the boy, 'who lives on the other side of you?'

'Why, my neighbour on the other side,' said the Colonel, surprised at the apparently unnatural inquisitiveness of the child, 'is the rector of my parish.'

'Is he a brute, sir?' enquired Master Abberly.

'No, my dear,' said the Colonel; 'a pattern for country clergymen—never did there exist a better man.'

'Ah!' said Tom, evidently disappointed.

'Why do you ask?' said his father.

'I don't know,' replied the boy.

'You should never ask questions, child, without knowing why,' said papa.

'I do know why only I shan't tell,' said Tom.

'I desire you will, Tom,' said his parent, anticipating a display of that precocious wit, for which the dunderhead ass was so celebrated in his own family.

'Oh, I'll tell it if you like! it's only because I wanted to know which of them gentlemen was brutes,' said the boy.

'Why, my fine fellow?' said the Colonel, whose curiosity was whetted by the oddity of the questions.

'Why,' replied Tom, 'because when mamma was talking to Dawes just now, about you, she said you was next door to a brute, and so I wanted to know who he was.'

This was the signal for general consternation, Miss Gubbins hurried loud, and tumbled over the music, which lay on the piano—the eldest girl laughed outright—Mr. Abberly threatened to whip his son and heir—Mrs. Abberly turned as red as scarlet, and endeavoured to convince Miss Neville of the utter groundlessness of the

charge against her, and proclaimed the whole affair to be a new instance of Tom's precocious archness, and a mere application of his own, at the moment, of some story which he had heard some other person tell.

The Colonel, however, joined so good-humoredly in a laugh with his niece, at the *naivete* of the boy, and bore the attack with so much kindness, that Mrs. Abberly, whatever she might have previously thought or said on the subject, set the old gentleman down as a 'dear kind creature,' and continued praising him periodically through the evening.

POETRY.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

STANZAS.

Oh! do not ask me why I weep,
Or why in sadness I repine;
I cannot hush my woes to sleep,
There is no balm for grief like mine.
My heart is 'rest of happiness,
And sorrows o'er its own distress.

Oh! do not ask me for the smile,
Which once could play upon my brow;
No longer can the glow beguile,
Or soothe the heart that's aching now.
The joys I valued most are gone,
And I am left to grieve alone.

Oh! do not ask me for the song,
Which promised years of future bliss,
And while it swells upon my tongue,
Lull'd care into forgetfulness:
Such joyous moments *once* were mine,
But now—I bow at mis'ry's shrine.

Nor ask me why this once proud form,
Has shrunk to very nothingness;
It drop'd beneath affliction's storm,
A prey to grief—to wretchedness:
But soon my anguish will be o'er,
And sorrow will be felt no more.

Yes! soon the solemn knell will sound,
The sable hearse move slowly on;
And death-like silence reigning round,
Will seem to whisper "Ida's gone."
O! then how sweet my sleep will be,
Beneath the lonely cypress tree.

There, will I rest my aching head,
There, find relief from grief and care,
Sweet flowers shall bloom around my bed,
And with their fragrance scent the air:
Then, may my spirit haste away,
From sorrow's night,—to endless day.

IDA.

THE WITCH OF THE GRAY THORN.

[BY JAMES HOGG.]

"Thou old wrinkled beldame, thou crone of the night,
Come read me my vision, and read it aright;
For 'tis said thou hast us'd the picture to scan
Far onward beyond the existence of man—

And hid'st thee for ever from eye of the day,
But rid'st on the night-wind away and away
Over cloud, over valley, on hemlock or reed,
To burrow in church-yards, and harass the dead.
Old beldame declare thee, and give me to wis,
If I stand at the side of such being as this!"

"Mad priest of Inchaffery, I know thee too well,
Though thus in disguise thou hast come to my cell;
What is it to thee if through darkness I fly
Like bird to career round the skirts of the sky—
Or sail o'er the seas in my shallop of snell,
To do what the tongue of flesh dares not to tell?
Suffice it, I know what thy vision hath been,
Ere a word I have heard, or a sign I have seen;
Besides, its high import distinctly I see;
And, priest of Inchaffery, I'd tell it to thee—
Not for love or reward, but it troubles me sore
To have one in my presence I scorn and abhor.

"Thou did'st dream of a coronet blazing with gold,
That was hail'd by the young, and admired by the old;

And thou had'st a longing the thing to obtain;
But all thy bold efforts to reach it were vain;
When lo! thine own mitre arose from thy crown,
And mounted aloft, whilst the other sank down;
It mounted and rose in a circle of flame,
'Midst clamours of wonder and shouts of acclaim;
The crown into darkness descended apace,
And thine was exalted on high in its place.
Thou saw'st till the red blood ran down in a stream,
Thou awakend'st in terror, and all was a dream!
Priest, that was thy dream—and thou must—us
decead—

Put down the Archbishop, and rise in its stead!"
"Thou best, thou old hag. With the cunning
of hell

Thou darrest me to practice what thou dost foretell;
But there both thy master and thee I'd defy:
Yet that was my vision, I may not deny.
Mysterious being, unbiest and unsworn!
Pray, had'st thou that secret from hell or from
heaven?"

"I had it, proud priest, from a fountain sublime,
That swells beyond nature, and surcums beyond
time;
And though from the same source thy warning
might come,
Yet mine was the essence and thine but the scum.
I heard and I saw, what if thou had'st but seen,
A terror thy mortal existence had been;
For thou had'st grown rigid as statue of lead—
A beacon of terror for sinners to dread!
Thou think'st thou hast learning and knowledge
inborn;
Proud priest of Inchaffery, I laugh thee to scorn!
Thou know'st best of nature, where spirits roam
free,
Than a mole does of heaven, or a worm does of
thee.

"Begone with thy gold, thy ambition, and pride;
I have told thee thy vision, and soiv'd it beside,
Yet dare not to doubt the event I foretell—
The thing is decreed both in heaven and hell,
That thou, an architect, must do a good deed,
Put down the Archbishop, and rise in his stead!"
Away went the Abbot with crosier and cowl,
And visions of grandeur disturbing his soul;
And as he rode on to Islay thus he said—
"The counsels of heaven must all be obey'd;
Nor throne, church, nor state, can security have,
Till that haughty prelate be laid in his grave.
Let that nerve my arm, and my warrant be."—
Well said, thou good Abbot of Inchaffery!

The Archbishop had plotted too deep in the state;
The nobles were moved 'gainst the man of their
hate;
The Monarch was roused—and pronounced in his
wrath

A sentence unseemly—the Archbishop's death!
But that very night that his doom was decreed,
A private assassin accomplish'd the deed.
The court was amazed; for loud whisperings came
Of a deed too unhallow'd and horrid to name;
Abroad rush'd the rumour, and would not be
stemi'd;
The murderer is captured, convicted, condemn'd;

Condemn'd to be hung like a dog on a tree.

"Who is the assassin?—pray who may it be?
Ha!—the worthy good Abbot of Inchaffery!"
In darkness and chains the poor Abbot is laid,
And soon his death-warrant is to him convey'd;
His hour is announced, but he laughs it to scorn,
And sends an express for the Witch of Gray Thorn.
She came at his call, and though hideous her form,
And shrivel'd and crouch'd like a crane in a storm,
Yet in her dim eye that was hollow'd by time
The joy of a demon was gleaming sublime,
And with a weak laugh 'twixt a scream and a hiss,
She cried, "Pray, great Abbot, is all come to this?"

"Where now thy bright omens, thou hag of the
night?

Come read me this riddle, and read it aright.
So far thou said'st truth—the Archbishop is dead;
Thy bodement confirm—shall I rise in his stead?"
"Yes, up to the gallows!" the beldame replied,
"This day the Archbishop had suffer'd and died;
But heading on death I have caused thee to run.
Ha, ha! I have conquer'd and thou art undone!"

"Oh had I the hands which these fetters de-
grade,
To sear out thy tongue for the lies it hath made!"

May heaven's dread vengeance depart from thee
never,

But descend and enthrall thee for ever and ever!"
"Ay, curse thou away; to the theme I agree;
Thy curse is worth ten thousand blessings to me.
Ha, ha! thou proud priest, I have won! I have
won!"

Thy course of ambition and cruelty's run.
Thou tortur'd'st me once, till my nerves were
all torn,

For crimes I was free of as babe newly born;
'Twas that which compell'd me, in hour of des-
pair,

To sell soul and body to the Prince of the Air;
That great dreadful spirit of power and of pride,
His servant I am, and thy curse I deride.
For vengeance I did it, for vengeance alone;
Without that futurity turements had none.
I have now had full measure in sight of the sun—
Ha, ha, thou proud priest, I have won! I have
won!"

'Tis not thy poor life that my vengeance can tame,
It flies to the future, to regions of flame,
To witness, exulting, th' extreme of thy doom,
And harass thy being, 'mid terror and gloom.
Ay, grind thou thy fetters, and fume as thou wilt,
O how I rejoice in thy rage and thy guilt!
And more—I have promise may well strike thee
dumb!

To be nurse to thy spirit for ages to come;
Think how thou wilt joy that the task shall be mine
To wreck and to tease thee with tortures condign,
O'er cataracts of sulphur, and torrents of flame,
And horrors that have not exposure nor name,
Until this vile world of lust and of crime
Have sounded through fire the last trumpet of
Time.

Adieu, bloody priest, in thy hour of despair,
When thy soul is forth coming, there's *one* shall be
there."

The Abbot was borne to the scaffold away,
He stretch'd out his hands and attempted to pray;
But at that dire moment there sounded a knell
Close to his stua'd ear, 'twixt a laugh and a yell;
And a voice said aloud, that seem'd creaking with
hate,

"Ha, ha, thou proud priest, it's too late! it's too
late!"

He shiver'd, he sunk, dropp'd the sign, and was
hung;
He gasp'd and he died, and that moment there
rang

This sound through the welkin so darksome and
dun,

"I have thee!—I have thee!—I have won!—I
have won!"

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you,
fill her above the brim with love of herself;—all
that runs over will be yours.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 10, 1836

* * * in a dilemma.

Oh! Mr. Editor, Mr. Editor! you are a charitable man and have the "bowels of compassion inside of you," as Billy Lackaday says of the late Mr. Bell. To your sympathizing spirit I unfold my troubles, in the full assurance that, if you ever cry, you will shed the tear of pity over my sad story. Mr. Editor, I am fond of good singing, I adore sweet music, I idolize the melody and the harmony of sound; but curse me, if I can make out to be an *amateur*, in spite of all this. I can't get the run of the science, I can't master the technical terms, and *ergo* (which being interpreted meaneth *therefore*) I am subjected to insupportable miseries. *Exempli gratia*, (which meaneth, *by way of example*) I betook myself to the Opera, the other evening, to listen to the doleful notes of the divine Signorina, or to use the fashionable phrase of the American, "*the Garcia*." By the way, Mr. Editor, is it not a *misnomer*, as we lawyers would say, to call a married lady "*Signorina*?" *Vide* an Italian Dictionary. But, Sir, not "to mar a curious tale in the telling of it," I will proceed briefly and directly. I took my seat in my favourite box, and as the d—l (for it must have been *his* doing) would have it, I found myself along side of a Corinthian of my acquaintance who is a professed *amateur*. He kindly undertook to tell me when to cry "*Bravo*," and when to cry "*Psia*," but as my lungs are weak and my toes tender, I am not in the habit of applauding performers *voce aut pedibus*. My kind amateur seemed determined to ascertain whether there was or was not a similarity in our tastes. The Signorina was warbling one of her enchanting songs, and I was listening in rapt delight. Suddenly my *amateur* applied his mouth to my ear and exclaimed so as to be heard by the whole box "What a fine *shake* that was!" Now, I know no more of a *shake* in music than of the occupation of the man in the moon, but my character as a man of taste was at stake—I replied with imperturbable gravity, "yes, that *was* a devilish fine shake, devilish fine!" So far, so well. Presently my cacodemon of an amateur was at me again:—"What an exquisite *run*!" said he; "Oh, that I could *run* from an ex-

quisite!" thought I, but I put on a most knowing and scientific look, and with all the enthusiasm of a genius, I replied, "yes, a most glorious *run*, charming, wonderful!"—Now, Mr. Editor, what, in the name of heaven, is a *run* in music? for unless I can find this out, I shall never dare to admire fine singing hereafter. I know what a run on the bank means, I have also seen Eclipse run, and I can understand a southern advertisement of "*runaway negroes*." But all this knowledge "*avaieth me nothing*," so long as I cannot comprehend a *run* in music.

I cannot detail, indeed I cannot remember, all the scientific terms that were crammed into my unresisting ears by my musical Mentor; suffice it that I was obliged to play a part myself and the most difficult of all parts, that of a downright hypocrite in order to save my character. My amateur was convinced that I was a man of taste, and I was convinced that I was a stupid ass, for presuming to take pleasure in sweet music, when I could not tell a *shake* from a *run*.

And now, Mr. Editor, what shall I do in the premises? I am devotedly fond of music, but, hang me, if I can again stand such a battery from an *amateur*.—I shall *shake* with fear and *run* away in horror.

* * *

Answer.—Do no such thing: look knowingly and talk as if you knew all about it. Humbug and pretension are the order of the age, not only in music, but in literature, politics, and morality. Ignoramuses, who have not had even a common English education, are palmed upon the world as accomplished and classical scholars; a man who cannot decline "*penna*," will by the aid of a Dictionary of Quotations, deal out scraps of Latin by the bushel and Greek by the half-peck. He can obtain French, Italian and Spanish, from a similar source. Oh! for some arbitrary despot, to send round an inquisition amongst our *litterati* and our *savans* and our belles-lettres scholars, to test and examine their pretensions, and to expose to merited scorn and contempt the unblushing impudence of *ready-made* scholars and *self-nominated* geniuses. We know of some cases in point which we should be tempted to state, were it not for one consideration, viz., we do not like to hunt *small game*;

but if any one wishes to set a literary fox-trap, we can tell him where to look for a few literary foxes:—and if any one wishes to know the value of a literary reputation, we can tell him the names of some few who without the capacity of writing a sentence of good English, without an acquaintance with a single branch of science, philosophy, language or belles-lettres, have palmed themselves upon the world as intellectual, refined and accomplished scholars. We may resume this subject in our own due time, when we happen to be in a particularly bad humour, and we may let a few "*cats out of the bag*;" if they undertake to scratch us for our trouble, we shall cut off their claws.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

AN ALLEGORY.

Love and *Prudence* met one warm and sunny day in a delightful meadow; the flowers bloomed sweetly, and their fragrance scented the whole air. The grass waved long and green, but at various places were footpaths left entirely bare of herbage. Besides these there was one general way, broader and more worn than the others. In the distance a delightful green bushy wood presented itself, so very close, that, the eye, could form no idea of what was on the other side.

It was on the pleasantest and broadest road that *Love* and *Prudence* walked. They paced gaily on with nimble feet, and often swore eternal friendship. But *Love* (the wayward boy!) would often leave his friend to cull some pretty flower that bloomed at a distance from their path. *Prudence* laughed and called him foolish, but he, (thinking himself a gainer) held up the flower, and laughed too, as one who wins, but ere he could again compose himself the flower withered and its fragrance fled!

At length they reached the confines of the wood. "Will you venture in?" said *Love*. "I shall walk a little way," his comrade replied. "A little way only!" reiterated *Love*, "What do you fear?" there is nothing to hurt you, and even if there were, the pleasant spot to which (I am sure) this path must lead, will compensate us fully.

Now the road grew rougher, the trees were more closely planted, and the brushwood reached their knees. Then *Pro-*

dence looked behind. 'What! your road lies not backward,' *Love* laughingly said. 'I think it must,' was the reply, 'for I see no recompense for this toil.'

'But hope for it.'

'Yes, hope is your heart's blood, but not so intimate with me. I will backward.' 'Then backward go,' the little urchin tartly replied, 'and let me share the joys alone,' and off he trudged with merry pace.

Prudence returned, and at the margin of the forest sat, sporting with *Innocence*. Not long had she been there, till her attention was caught by a rushing among the leaves, and shortly, after *Love* appeared, with downcast looks, sorely fatigued and torn with briars.

The most foolish have sometimes a wise moment in their lives. *Love* chose to avoid the reproaches of *Prudence* by reviling himself, and commenced saying:— 'Nay, upbraid me not; I see what it all is, a little bustle, an evanescent flash, a few short moments of imaginary bliss; and then, we are left amid prying eyes, to make our disappointment more galling. Do not despise me: do not forsake me.'

Thus spoke *Love*, and *Prudence* (kind fair one!) shook his hand, and promised eternal friendship.

Then, they sought the road, which they first trod, but *Love* was not long at rest; still sporting about, and examining every flower, that met his eye. At length, with enthusiasm, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed—'*Prudence* will you go?'

'Whither?'

'Back to the wood again, for now I be-think me, that shortly after we parted, I met two open paths,—one must surely lead to a pleasant and blooming vale, while thoughtless, I surely chose the wrong.' Thus exclaimed *Love*: again and again he insisted that his companion should return, but *Prudence* refused, even after the most urgent solicitation. Then *Love* haughtily said, 'I shall be swayed by no one, and if you be so foolish as to forfeit the chance, and such a chance, and make rebellion against happiness, because a little trouble attends it, you are unworthy of its enjoyment. I shall return myself and seek the path alone.'

Without saying another word, though

much entreated by *Prudence* to stay, and to consider well on the step, off *Love* hurried.

It was at this very time that *Love* and *Prudence* parted, and never since have been friends. *Prudence* sits in her accustomed corner of *Content*, while *Love* is seeking the path to *Happiness*, till this very day, and

Round him innumerable ills betide
Torn by sharp thorns, and briars on every side.

X.

Mr. Genet's Memorial on the Upward Forces of Fluids, &c.

In this volume Mr. Genet not only considers the aerostatic powers with reference to aerial navigation but also as usefully applicable to purposes more immediately connected with the body of our earth. He considers it as a powerful aid in raising and lowering canal-boats, on an inclined plane, between a water level and a higher level:—to propel boats on a high level destitute of water, and to lower them to a water level:—to raise or lower carriages on rail-ways:—and to relieve steam-boats, stranded or grounded on shoals, bars, or alluvions. He next considers the application of the aerostatic and hydrostatic powers combined, to raise or lower canal boats vertically:—to raise vessels stranded, foul anchors, &c.:—to prevent the sinking of ships and boats:—to mills, manufactures, and various kinds of useful machinery:—to the navigation of seas, lakes and rivers:—and he concludes with the application of aerostatic, animal and mechanical powers combined, to aerial navigation. We quote Mr. Genet's description of his air-ship:—

"The whole aeronaut is, with respect to its form, a compound imitation of several fishes, viz: the trunk-fish of South America, which may be seen at Mr. Scudder's Museum in the city of New-York; and the blue lump-fish and rostrated doree, (*Cyclopterus caruleus* and *Zerus rostratus*, described by the celebrated Doctor Mitchell in the Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society.) From the first, I have taken the large flat belly and high dorsal ridge; and from the others, the various articulations which suited the best my purpose.

"The aerostatic part corresponding with the round back of those several fishes, is to be covered with oiled silk and a net, and is to be filled with hydrogen gas. The dimensions of that part which contains the

principle of levity, are intended to be 152 feet in length, 46 feet in width, and 54 in its greatest elevation; and will contain one million twenty-three thousand cubic feet of gas, whose upward force will be 73,462 pounds.

"The cover and netting of that aerostat are to be fastened hermetically to a platform glued with elastic gum, and lined with oiled silk; the dimensions of which are similar to those of the aerostat at its basis. To the platform hangs a deck, the dimensions of which correspond in part to those of the platform. On the centre of that deck is constructed an horizontal wheel, 23 feet in diameter and 66 in circumference. That wheel is framed into an upright shaft, having at each end two pivots, the upper one moving into a box fastened to the platform, and the lower one in a socket fastened to the deck. Two horses or more if wanted, stand upon that wheel; and being yoked to a standing post, unconnected with the horizontal wheel, they compel, by the action of their legs, the horizontal wheels to revolve. On the periphery of that wheel are bevel cogs which mesh into a small bevel wheel three feet in diameter. That wheel meshes into another bevel wheel six feet diameter, which meshes also into another bevel wheel; and the latter is fastened on the wheel shaft which may be lowered or raised, as experiment will prove it to be the best.

"The shaft above mentioned drives two lateral aerial wheels, 20 feet in diameter and 60 in circumference, moving outside of the deck, and calculated to perform at least 21 revolutions per minute, with a velocity of 1260 feet. These aerial wheels are to be covered with silk, and to be composed each of 16 fins five feet in length and 2 1-2 in width; they are fastened to their axle by hinges, and a spring compels them to spread as soon as they are liberated from a curb or case which confines them as soon as they have ceased to press upon the air, and to exercise upon it a force inverse to its action.

"The aggregate surface of the eight fins working simultaneously upon the air, amounts in each wheel to 100 square feet; and the surface of the fins of the two wheels acting simultaneously upon the air, is accordingly 200 square feet; the power of which upon the air, is in proportion of the power of the horses, which power is reckoned at 160 pounds for large horses weighing 1000 pounds; but as the horses taken into the aeronaut will be as small as possible, and rated only at the power of 100 pounds each, that power alone, on the surface of 200 feet square, being multiplied by 21 revolutions of the air wheels in one minute, will produce a pressure of 4200 pounds per minute on the air.

"The power of the horses transferred to the air wheel, exclusive of the leverage of the large horizontal wheel and the accel-

rated motion of the aeronaut, is not, however, the only one upon which I could calculate, if I had not intentionally reduced my forces to the lowest degree. There are also two other powers, which might be brought up to account as auxiliary propelling forces. The one might be established on the fact, already reported, that there is an accelerated motion of levity upon an ascending aerostat, as there is an accelerated motion of gravity upon a falling ponderous body; and if against this force *per ascensum*, a resistance is opposed by the air, it will turn to the advantage of the momentum of the aeronaut, and by a composite movement, promote powerfully its direction in a parabolic curve.

"The other power is taken from the animal mechanism of the fishes. It is well known that those animals use their tails, with as much if not more advantage, than their fins, to propel themselves in the water. The rudder of the aeronaut, in imitation of that tail, is intended not only to steer the machine, but also to supply it with an additional force of propulsion, by the means of an oscillatory motion similar to the sculling of a boat; which motion will be procured by a pilot wheel five feet diameter, turning alternately over a barrel one foot diameter, by the means of ropes fastened on each side of the rudder, as it is practised for the steerage of steam-boats; and if that method was not found sufficiently active on the rudder, a pendulum, or some other means, could be substituted.

"With these several powers, and even with the sole horse power, it does not seem irrational to hope that the aeronaut will possess a self-created force, if not superior to gales, tempests and hurricanes, at least sufficient to procure a steerage against their action."

"Mr. Genet's style occasionally partakes of the warmth and eloquence which marked his youth, although he has properly suited his style to his subject; the following is fine writing:—

"The steam power is justly considered as the noblest monument of human ingenuity; but if we admire the wonders produced by that power, unknown to the ancients, why should we, exalting its effects above the possibility of improvement, shut our eyes on its origin and nature, and neglect to ascertain if it is the only available branch of the abundant source from which it emanates? What is then that great giant who raises enormous weights from the bowels of the earth, propels vessels against winds and tides, and surpasses by its energy the combined efforts of men, animals, wind and running water? Let us approach him without fear, strip him of his metallic armour, remove those intricate mechanical combinations which dazzle our eyes, analyze his force, separate what is nominal from what is effective, compare what he gives to what he costs; and we

shall find, that this majestic phenomenon is nothing after all but the simple produce of an aerostatic force, continually renovated to be continually destroyed."

In the summer of 1825, a report was read before the New-York Literary and Philosophical Society, to whom Mr. Genet had presented a "Memoir and Documents on navigating the Atmosphere." The committee that made this report, consisted of Dr. Mitchill, Dr. Mac Neven and General Morton. From this document, which bears intrinsic evidence of being written by Dr. Mitchill, we make the following extracts, to show our readers the estimation in which the accomplished author of the Memorial is held by men older and wiser than ourselves.

"The feats of aerostation performed by the lower classes of animals, long ago stimulated the mind of man. Denied by his creator the means of travelling through the trackless atmosphere by natural organs of conveyance, he seems from an early day to have entertained an opinion, that by the employment of reason and skill, he could overcome the defects of his organization, and give a noble display of successful invention. The flight, by artificial wings, of Dædalus, from Crete to Cumæ, is known to every classical scholar as a legend full of meaning.

"As a fact in physics, this aerial locomotion by the inferior creatures, has been witnessed by man from time immemorial; and he appears to have been impelled by a strong desire to imitate or surpass the sparrow and the beetle, though inability and failure invariably disappointed his hopes.

"To humble the lord of creation more effectually, fishes and cetaceous animals were seen to move themselves with freedom and celerity in their element, by a living mechanism he was unable to construct or command.

"The field of mechanico-chemical experiment may be compared to a horizon without bounds. It may be considered as incapable of circumscription. In a just estimate of inventive talent, no attempt will be made to limit the mighty work of MIND AND HAND.

"There is nothing alarming in the opinion that aerostation, notwithstanding all that has been done, is still in its infancy; of course, it may be expected that valuable discoveries remain to be made. The friends to all manner of improvements in the worthy arts, therefore, wish that further experiments may be made. The author is perhaps better acquainted with the history of balloons, than any individual among us. To science, he adds ingenuity and zeal. He is now with us; and is

ready and willing to direct or superintend the execution of the plan he has displayed.

"It would be a matter of serious regret, that the offer he makes should be rejected, and the opportunity lost. Unfortunately, the funds of the Society are wholly insufficient to defray the expense of the trial.

"Yet it is hoped, for the honour of the age and the benefit of the country, the citizens of New-York, and of the world at large, may be induced, by a subscription, with their accustomed spirit and liberality, to provide the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be disbursed by a committee of their own choice, in the furtherance of an object which promises so much to society.

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL.
W. J. MACNEVEN,
J. MORTON.

Composition of a Deaf and Dumb Boy.

The following was written a short time since by one of the pupils of the New-York Institution for educating the Deaf and Dumb. We give it *verbatim*. It must be observed that this boy has only been a pupil for two years, without any previous preparation—and that he is just beginning to study the rudiments of Grammar. It is a curious and interesting evidence of early development of intellect in one of that unfortunate class of beings, who, a few years ago, were considered as destitute of souls. We are particularly impressed with the force of the sentence which we have put in *Italics*; it may be whim or prejudice, but we do consider it as perfect a specimen of the moral sublime as the famous "Let there be light, and there was light," of Moses.

Why is our Legislature so parsimonious in its donations to this Institution? an Institution which enlists in its support the kindest and most generous charities of the heart? Because legislatures *have no heart!* "You may as well preach pity to the wolf," as generosity to political bodies.

CREATION AND FALL OF MAN.

God Almighty wisely looked into the earth, created all things,—he made Adam of dust, and gave him life; he believed, and prayed to God, and slept. *God took his rib, and Eve lived.* Adam rose, and looked, and was happy. Eve lived with him in the garden. God told them always to eat many fruits, but he say, not eat one tree; and the hell-serpent told Eve, tree good, wise to eat—Eve pulled a sprig of apple and Adam ate it, disobedient; they feared—blushed—Among the large forest,

hide. God looked into it and commanded an Angel to call, where them? and he drove them, unhappy, and they must industrious work with warm face, tired.

JOHN DENTON.

Literary Poaching.—The Long Island Star lately appropriated an article from the original department of our paper to its columns, without giving any acknowledgement of its source. It was on the signification of names, and it has been copied into other papers and credited to the L. I. Star. This is but one instance out of many. Several of the country papers have very quietly appropriated our original articles in the same way. Now we are not particularly selfish with respect to our scribblings, and were it not for the unfairness of the practice we should not notice it in any way; but common courtesy requires that one man should not pass off as his own, the original writings of another.

History of New-York.—The second part of Mr. Moulton's History has just been published. We shall notice it next week.

The rising sun is the image of hope, the setting sun, of memory. Who will say that the anticipations of the former correspond with the realities of the latter?

An advertisement lately appeared in one of our daily papers, for a "setting" room—Is the advertiser a goose, a hen or a turkey?

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SOCIAL VIRTUES.

Nothing but virtue can constitute the happiness of society. To abstain from injuries—to deprive no man of the advantages he enjoys—to give to every one what is due to him—to do good—to contribute to the happiness of others—and assist each other—this is being virtuous. Virtue can only be what contributes to the utility, welfare, and security of society.

The first of all social virtues is humanity; it is the abridgment of all the rest: taken in its most extensive signification, it is that sentiment, which gives every individual of our species a right to our heart and affections. Founded upon a cultivated sensibility, it disposes us to do, to our fellow creatures, all the good in our power. Its effects are love, beneficence, generosity, indulgence, and compassion. When this virtue is confined within the limits of the society, to which we belong, its effects are

love of our country, paternal love, filial piety, conjugal tenderness, friendship, affection for our relations and fellow-citizens.

Strength and activity ought to be ranked among the social virtues, because they defend society, or establish its security; and their effects are magnanimity, courage, patience, moderation and temperance. Those virtues, which have the good of society for their objects, must not be lazy and indolent, like the chimerical virtue introduced by imposture, which often makes a merit of being useless to others: idleness is a real vice in every association.

Justice is the true basis of all the social virtues: it is justice, which holds the balance between the several members of society, and keeps in an equilibrium, which remedies those evils, that might arise from the inequality, that nature has established among men; and even makes it contribute to the general good—which secures to individuals their rights, their property, their persons, their liberty; and protects them from the attacks of force, and the snares of treachery—which obliges them to be faithful to their engagements, and banishes fraud and falsehood from among men—in a word, it is justice, which, by means of equitable law, and the wise distribution of rewards and punishments, excites to virtue, restrains from vice, and leads those to reason and reflection, who might be tempted to purchase a momentary good, by doing a lasting injury to their fellow-creatures.

SOCIABILITY OF ANIMALS.

There is a wonderful spirit of sociability in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

Many horses, though quiet with company will not stay one minute in a field by themselves: the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable, without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out of a stable window, after company; and yet in other respects is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten in solitude; but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance sheep, which constantly flock together.

But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species, for I know a doe, still alive, that was brought up, from a little fawn, with a dairy of cows; with them it goes to the fields, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce low-

ings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other.

Great wits, who pervert their talents to sap the foundations of morality, have to answer for all the evil that lesser wits may accomplish through their means, even to the end of time. A heavy load of responsibility, where the hand is still alive to do mischief, when the hand it animated is just. Men of talents may make a breach in morality, at which men of none may enter, as a citadel may be carried by muskets, after a road has been battered out by cannon.

Good Humour.—Good-humour is the fair-weather of the soul which calms the turbulent gust of passion and diffuses a perpetual gladness and serenity over the heart; and he, who finds his temper naturally inclined to break out into sudden bursts of fretfulness and ill-humour, should be as much upon his guard to repress the storm, that is forever beating in his mind, as to fence against the inclemencies of the season. We are naturally attached even to animals that betray a softness of disposition. We are pleased with the awkward fondness and fidelity of a dog. Montaigne could discover agreeable music in the good humoured purring of his cat; and, though our modern grooms and jockies bestow all their attention on make, colour, eyes, and feet; yet the best writers on horsemanship consider a good temper as one of the best qualities of a horse.

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JAMES G. BROOKS,

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